# The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIII. CENTRE HALL. PA., THURSDAY. AUGUST 21, 1890. NO. 32



THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR


### Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY.

Galer Morrison, for recorder, has all the qualifications for the place. He is the man the opposition nominee, Harter, is afraid of.

The Democratic county ticket is one which every farmer can point to with pride—it is made up of farmers, of the best type and intelligence. Look at it.

It is a mistake to give a man an office for no other reason than because he wants it. Give it to him because the honest people want him to have it.

The prohibitionists have a ticket in the field for county offices, and the names on it are good material, so far as our knowledge of the individuals goes. H. P. Sankey, for commissioner is a good man.

There are 700,000 pensioners now on the rolls who are paid 129 different rates, ranging from $12 to $2,500 per annum. About 2,400 persons resident in foreign countries receive pensions. Of these 569 are in Germany and 475 in Great Britain.

John Decker had a clean knock-out for commissioner, just as we said all along—Henderson and Fiedler were the mill stones around his neck—the REPORTER told him so. The same elegant pair had taken the contract to elect Gramly county sup't, which was worse than pison for Ceph.

Two of the nominees for commissioner, on opposite parties, in this county, are brothers-in-law and hail from the same township, Potter. These are Geo. Goodhart on the Democratic ticket, and James Strohm on the Republican ticket. That should make a harmonious board. Goodhart will get there—perhaps Strohm will too.

One wing of the Republicans is very bitter against Quay for opposing the passage of the Force election bill during the present session of congress, by offering a resolution to postpone it. Enough of the Republican senators are with him to throw the Force bill overboard.

The grangers are looking forward to a big picnic at Williamsgrove, this year. Manager Thomas is busy doing all in his power towards improvements and making the affair a glorious success. Col. Thomas knows how to do it, and he leaves no stone unturned for this year's gathering at Williamsgrove, the Mecca of the grangers and multitudes of others.

The Philad. Press in a late issue alludes to the grange organization as extinct, and that it is supplanted by the farmers' alliance. The Press writer may be a little too fast, we know that in Centre county the subordinate granges are all alive, and that they have not decreased in numbers We imagine this is true in most other counties.

Hon. J. H. Holt's renomination was a deserved endorsement of his first term in the assembly. Mr. Holt was watchful for his constituents and always voted right. His record can not be assailed, and he will be returned by an increased majority. He is one of the most useful business men of the western side of the county, where he is a tower of strength.

The tide of farmers in favor of Pattison is great. They see in him a friend tried, and will vote to try him again. We hear favorable declarations from Republican farmers, and the Democratic farmers are solid. It is time that the farming class quit voting for the monopolists and endorse men who think the farmer has rights and interests that need looking after.

Mr. Porter sticks stubbornly to his estimate of 64,000,000 as the present population of the United States, in spite of all protests. The father of the census law, the Hon. S. S. Cox, thought the total would be from 62,000,000 to 64,000,000; Edward Atkinson estimated it at 64,500,000, and Mr. Henry Elliott, Actuary of the Treasury, also suggested 64,000,000 as about the outcome of the census.

The REPORTER's estimate of the population was 65,000,000, but fearing that might be overshooting the mark, we finally, after laborious figuring put it down to 64,999,999.

### Emery and Delamater.

I charge that he purchased his election to the Senate of this State in 1886; that he directly bribed citizens of Crawford county to vote for him at the general election, and that when a memorial had been contemplated to prevent him from taking the oath of office he paid large sums of money for the suppression of the said memorial.

I charge that he took the oath of office thereby committing the crime against the good name and statutes of the commonwealth.

I charge also that during his services in the Senate he attempted to alter a public record by framing a conference report on a bill before it had been properly considered, contrary to all rules and practice, and signing or having had signed the names of the committee, and in so doing offended the dignity of the Legislature and the law of the commonwealth.

I make these charges without fear of contradiction and court an action at law whereby I may set my proof before the people oathbound.

England, France and Germany are carving up the dark continent in the interest of civilization and profitable trade, but the inhabitants of Africa are no more considered in these arrangements than if they were non-existent. Our consul at Hamburg, Mr. Johnson, in a late report to the state department, makes a statement showing the kinds and quantities of merchandise the civilizing Germans are sending to the west coast of Africa. For the year 1888 the total exports amounted to 125,360,000 pounds, and of this total more than one-half, or 74,790,000 pounds was liquor of various kinds—rum and gin covering two-thirds—and 4,010,000 pounds was gunpowder. Liquor and powder are the two great civilizing agencies. With the former ivory, coffee, palm oil and other valuable merchandise is purchased and the powder is used to enforce due submission and respect for the rights of the invaders.

Senator Edmunds is much disappointed over the way matters are running in the Senate, and after the caucus on Thursday night he said to a group of Senators that he had about determined to go Vermont and allow the Republicans in the Senate to send the party to the demnition bow-wows, as they seem to him to be bent on boing. The Vermont Senator's particlar grievances are what he calls the criminal extravagance of passing the River and Harbor bill, and the pigheaded obstinacy with which the members of the Finance Committee are trampling down matters of important legislation in order to rush through a very dangerously constructed tariff bill. Mr. Edmunds thinks it is criminal to expend twenty-five or thirty millions in needless river and harbor improvements, when there is a certain prospect of a deficit of forty or fifty millions. He has also expressed the opinion that the Finance Committee has fumbled up the McKinley tariff bill in the interest of localities and in entire forgetfulness of all principles of right and justice, and that he does not care to be a party to such reckless legislation.

In nominating Wm. Ishler for Sheriff the Democrats of this county could not have done a nobler act. Mr. Ishler is an intelligent, hard working farmer, of stainless character, and stands in high esteem with all who know him. He is possessed of all those qualities that make the true man, the good citizen and helping neighbor, As a Democrat he is known for his constant activity in behalf of the interests of the party, always steadfast and true to its interests, and working for its triumphs. He will make a sheriff for the people, and will bring honor back to an important public station, that has been brought into disgrace in the past two years in a manner to make every citizen of our county blush. Let all good men, of whatever party, vote for Wm. Ishler, he is deserving their suffrages.

The conferree system is being displayed to great disadvantage in the Warren-Forest Judicial District. More than twelve hundred ballots have been taken in the effort to decide upon a Republican candidate for Judge. Warren County presents George H. Higgins, and Forest S. D. Irwin, and each has three conferrees to do their personal bidding. Forest County has offered to or three propositions for a settlement, but they have been rejected, and it is no longer a secret that Mr. Higgins intends to be a candidate whether Forest County agrees or not.

After Candidate Delamater shall have told the farmers why the last legislature, which he bossed, defeated their bill to equalize taxation, he might try to explain to the Knights of Labor why every measure introduced in ther interest, was defeated. Naturally, these men want to know why they were shamefully treated by the Delamater-Andrews gang.

Hon. Chas. S. Wolfe addressed a large gathering of farmers, at Lewisburg, last week. Having depicted in strong language the great loss the farmers suffered by the death of the famous revenue bill unsigned in the senate, and also unsigned by Governor Beaver, Mr. Wolfe said:

"When Mr. Pattison was governor he had the courage to obtain an injunction against the Pennsylvania railroad in its purpose to buy up and absorb the South Penn road. He had the courage to take by the throat the freight pool and coal combination. They were unable to face the proceedings pending against them in the courts. Their only escape was to elect a governor who would discontinue the litigation. I would like to ask Governor Beaver what has become of those suits. In all his official acts Governor Pattison had the honesty and the courage to stand by the hoodwinked and oppressed farmer; against the chicanery and arrogant oppression of corporate power, and thereby incurred its bitter hostility. The Republican leaders have been the especial guardians of the corporate interests, and while professing to have very great concern for the farmer, have been duping him and feeding him on husks.

"The farmer and taxpayer would show his wisdom and political sagacity, not by voting for any man simply because he was the candidate of his political party, but because he was the candidate who was most likely to honestly aid in rescuing him from injustice and oppression and in securing to him his equal rights before the law."

### Senator Delamater's Answer,

The question now addressed to me implies that continued silence on my part may be misinterpreted by certain good citizens whose affiliations are with the Republican party. As the candidate of that party I cannot allow its interests to be prejudiced in the estimation of any citizen by a refusal to answer any inquiry touching my personal and official integrity and I take this occasion to enter my most positive, emphatic and unequivocal denial of each and every charge preferred by Senator Emery.

So that I may be fully understood and that the real questions of the hour may not be obscured by personalities growing out of these attacks and future reference to this subject may be avoided, I enter this denial to all charges, by whomsoever preferred, which assail my honor as a man and my integrity as a citizen.

Senator Emery has announced that he will prove his charges.

Seeing the absolute necessity for a change in the commissioners' office, and the desire of the people of all parties for a cleansing of that Augean stable, the Democrats have placed in nomination two gentlemen who will bring about reform in our county affairs, in the persons of George L. Goodhart and T. Frank Adams. Experienced business men, good judgment and nerve will take the place of the ignorance, imbecility and general cussedness that characterized the commissioners office in the past three years, to the disgust of all, the detriment of the tax payers and the shame of our county.

Messrs. Goodhart and Adams will put a new and inviting face upon affairs, and redeem the good name of our county.

John T. M'Cormick has been again nominated for assembly. Two years ago he was treacherously defeated, altho he deserved the united support of the party. He will receive a vindication, next fall, at the hands of the Democracy of our county which will make him feel proud. Mr. McCormick is one of the best booked farmers of our county; he is an industrious, honest man, and a Democrat all his life-time of the first water. Every Democrat owes him his warmest support. He will be true to the great agricultural class as a member of the assembly. His private character is unsullied. Democrats, stand by one of the most active and deserving members of the party.

Reports regarding the potato crop in Ireland are daily increasing in gravity. In the Gwedore district, on the north-west coast, the yield is already regarded as hopelessly lost. The Westport guardians say that the reports from Achill or Eagle Island, off the west coast, are worse than those received up to the same period in 1876.

Indeed from all along the coast the most discouraging intelligence is received, and grave apprehensions are entertained that the country is about to be visited by a terrible famine when the heart-rending scense of 1848 and even of a later date, may be repeated.

If the grangers are true to themselves they will vote the Democratic ticket from top to bottom—it is made up of the best personnel of farmers and men of undoubted sympathy with the oppressed agricultural interests from Pattison own to county auditor.

### Talmage to the Farmers.

MT. GRETNA, PA., August 17.—Dr. Talmage arrived in Lebanon last evening, stopping there over night, and was driven to the camp grounds, together with Colonel H. C. Deming of Harrisburg, in a private conveyance this afternoon, arriving about ten minutes before the time fixed for the services, which commenced at 4 o'clock. His sermon was taken from I Kings, xvii:19 his title being "Farming a Gospel Type." About 6,000 people heard him preach. During his sermon he said.

"Pray that the harvest of the country may be surpassed by the harvest to come Farmers of America, accept my hearty salutation. Brought up on a farm as I was and my father a farmer, I can appreciate your position as farmers. There are no hardships greater than the farmer's toils. When the election is near the politician comes and offers comfort when he ought to offer honesty. He calls the farmer independent. Independent of what? The agricultural edict was given, 'Thou shalt not plow with an ass and an ox,' showing the foolishness of wisdom going with foolishness,

Many times during his discourse Dr. Talmage was applauded. All day exhibits were still being unloaded, and everything about the American Farmer's encampment will be in readiness for the formal opening by Governor Beaver tomorrow at 2 o'clock. There were 8,000 people present to-day by a careful count.

Horrible accounts are received of the slave labor traffic by British planters in the South seas. The Presbyterian mission synod in the New Hebrides has passed a resolution to the effect that "the Kanaka labor traffic had to a large extent depopulated the New Hebrides and adjoining islands, upset family relations among the natives and has been and is the cause of much sorrow, suffering and bloodshed.

A missionary named Paton reports that he had himself seen white men in their boats taking Kanakas to a labor vessel—as the slave ships are called—forcibly lifting them on board, and when they tried to swim ashore they were knocked down again until they lay stupefied on deck, and were thus carried out to sea. Those thought likely to escape are fastened with chains on board. A chief was shot dead by the crew of one of these vessels while attempting to protect his daughter, and a native Christian teacher was also shot dead. The slave trade is carried on under the protection of the British flag for the benefit of planters in Queensland and the Fiji Islands.

The farming interests are uppermost with the Democratic party, because its strength has always come from that quarter. The farming class have been unfairly treated in many respects, neglected we should say, and can justly lay claim to that consideration from our law makers which their numbers, importance and intelligence entitles them too.

The burdens of the farmer from taxation should be lessened. The Democratic party sympathises with the grange and the farmers' alliance upon this subject. Monopolists have fed upon the agriculturist, and extorting from the farmer must stop. The election of Pattison will pe a strong pointer in this direction.

In the nomination of J. J. Gramley for county treasurer, the Democracy can feel proud of their man. He is an industrious, upright farmer, with hosts of friends in the section he hails from. He is a whole souled, generous citizen always at the front when a good deed can be done. Kind to all, a good word for all; a helping hand in time of need—a true lover of humanity. He has made his living by dint of hard, honest toil upon the soil of Walker and Miles townships.

Mr. Gramley is widely acquainted all over the county—his canvass for the nomination, brought him in contact with the majority of voters, and the impression he left by his straightforward manner won him hosts of friends, and they will reward an honest man with an overwhelming majority.

The nomination of John A. Rupp, for Register, is endorsed by men of all parties. That he was a faithful, efficient and obliging official is admitted by all. If ever a public servant in our county deserved a re-election for faithful discharge of his duties, that man is John A. Rupp. He will be re-elected by a majority which will indicate that the people know how to appreciate a good man.

Eleven Republicans voted with the Democrats in the Senate to lay aside the tariff bill and take up the river and harbor bill, making in all thirty-six votes in the affirmative. Only eight Senators all Republicans, voted to obey the President by pushing ahead the crazy-quilt tariff. A much-divided party is the Republican party just now and the majority seems to be "agin the government."

### Cyclone at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Aug. 19.—At 5 o'clock this afternoon the most terrible cyclone that was ever experienced in this locality struck this city. It came up the river; from what point it originated is not known. The heavens were as black as night and the wind blew with frightful velocity hundreds of houses were unroofed, partly blown over or completely demolished, and worse than all, the visitation of death was sent upon a number of people.

Large districts in several sections of the city are in absolute ruin and women and children are in the streets crying and wringing their hands in absolute dismay. The damage will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. Passenger trains and locomotives at the depot were blown over and every wire in the city, electric light, telephone and telegraph is down. The devastation is to be compared with nothing in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Everybody is rejoicing that no fires have as yet followed for the streets are impassable with trees and fallen buildings and engines could not be drawn through them.

The total death loss so far as ascertained is twelve.

Over 200 buildings have been ruined or damaged.

### Twenty-five at Other Places.

LATER—At 7.30 p. m. reports come from Sugar Notch that the destruction of property is terrible. It is said that fifteen persons were killed. At Parsons and Mill Creek the coal breakers in all directions have been more or less damaged, and the number killed will reach ten.

### Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued during past week:

Collins C. Bumgardner and Hannah J. Reish, both of Bellefonte.

Robert W. Mensch and Annie M. Weaver of Aaronsburg.

W. H. Bloom and Maggie R. Jordon both of State College.

Robert Spicer and Effie Shope, both of Boggs township.

W. F. White, of Omaha, Neb., and Helen G. Foster, of State College.

Joseph Christian, of Richmond, Va., and Anna M. Reynolds, of Boalsburg.

H. C. Williams and Della M. Osmer, both of Bellefonte.

N. E. Leathers and Minnie J. Aley, both of Marion township.

William S. Musser and Clare S. Hettinger, both of Spring Mills.

### An Old Subscriber.

The venerable George Krape, of Gregg township, has been a regular subscriber to this paper since August 1827, when the first issue of the Centre Berichter was issued. He remained a patron of the Berichter until we removed to Centre Hall and changed to the Centre REPORTER in 1868, continuing a subscriber from that on to the present date. He has thus kept up an unbroken line as a subscriber for 63 years, and we hope Providence will spare the good old man to remain a reader for many years yet.

### Dress Cutting School.

With Newton's improved French and tailor system of dress cutting, we teach curves that no others can, every form can be fitted with equal ease and exactness by this system. No refitting done, time not limited for those learning, instructions given until the work is thoroughly understood. Ladies are requested to call and see the work.

MARY E. THOMPSON, Spring Mills.
LIZZIE FLEMING, Lemont.
Agents and teachers.

### Wanted.

Energetic ladies and gentlemen to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 books in five days; another sold 31 in three days; another took 25 orders in making 30 calls. 30,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address C. L. Webster & Co., 3 East 14th Street, N. Y

### The Lamp Exploded.

On Tuesday afternoon, while a party from Beech Creek were picnicing at the cave, a lady named Mrs. Williams was badly burned about the arm and neck by the explosion of an alcohol lamp which one of the party was filling, thinking the flame was extinguished. The lady was able to proceed to her home though severely burned.

### Speer's Wine for Parties.

Physicians employ Speer's Port Grape Wine in their practice in all cases where a pure wine is called for, and do all in their power to foster and encourage its production. Also the same with Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice; both are coming into great favor among the most wealthy in New York City, Philadelphia and Washington as an evening wine.

### Musser—Hettinger.

On Tuesday evenning, William S. Musser of Spring Mills, and Miss Clara Hettinger, of Penn Hall, were married at the Lutheran parsonage in this place, by Rev. Fischer. The groom is the station agent at Spring Mills and is well known and popular young man and has made a good choice in a helpmate, Miss Hettinger, who has many friends in this place. The REPORTER extends congratulation to the couple, wishing them all that is good.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired,

——Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch always leads.

——The hill near the Presbyterian church has had the loose stone taken off making it easier for a team to ascend. Before, it was almost impossible on account of the horses stepping on the rolling stones with which it was covered. Let the work go on and remove all the loose stone on our streets and then we will have something that won't resemble a mountain road, full of big stones and ruts. Our streets are in a dandy(?) condition.

——Bellefonte *News* says: "Miss Cronover, of this place, had a recent snake-killing experience which she is not likely to soon forget. She was visiting friends in Brush Valley and in company with other parties went on the mountain to gather huckleberries. While busily engaged she heard a slight noise and was startled to find herself in close proximity with a huge rattlesnake. Help was immediately called and between them his snakeship was dispatched. It measured five feet in length and had twelve rattles.'

——Harry Strok, of Sunbury, entered a barber shop to get shaved. While seated in the chair and under the manipulation of the knight of the razor, he went to sleep. A fly lit upon his nose and began operations also to the evident dislike of Mr. Stroh. He was awakened by the antics of the fly, and in striking at it he hit the razor cutting a gash two inches long in his hand. Thus endeth the story of the sleeper, the fly and the barber.

If you want a cheap paper for the campaign, send 20 cents for REPORTER. Any one sending five names and the cash will get an extra copy free during the campaign.

Philipsburg is well represented on the Republican ticket and appears as though it were the only place in the county where Republican timber can be found. Three men from that place are on the ticket.

The prohibitionists of this county have nominated the following ticket:
For assembly D. M. Lieb, Isaac Guss.
For Sheriff—Jas. A. Zimmerman.
For Treasurer—Wm. J. Dale.
For Register—Sam'l J. Dale.
For Recorder—Jared Harper.
For Commissioner—H. P. Sankey and John W. Parker.
For Auditor—Walter M. Gray.

The wife of Senator Davis, of Minnesota is able to make this extraordinary statement:

"From the time I was ten years old to the present day I have never paid one cent to a dressmaker or a milliner, nor has any one else done so for me. Every dress hat and bonnet I wear is trimmed by my own hand."

There are many who are not wives of senators, who would feel it a come down to do their own sewing.

### A Wonder.

It is really wonderful, how many individuals permit themselves to be hood-winked by quack medicines and compounds of all kinds. A sure cure for nearly all diseases that flesh is heir to, are the often spoken words on each bottle of this trash. Doctors of repute who have spent their days, and nights too in their studies to learn if possible any new thing to prolong life, and to make life more enjoyable, have no hesitancy in recommending Klein's Silver Age Rye. Mr. Klein does not claim that it cures all ailments; but it is considered by all who know the goods; that it is a fine stimulent; that it is used in City Hospitals; that Physicians recommend it; nay prescribe it, and that it strengthens the weak. It is also admitted by all who know Mr. Max Klein that his many years in business have fitted him not only to deal fairly with the world, but made him the leader of his line in our state. His Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies, 6 full quarts, old and pure at five dollors are the wonders of the day. His wines, gins, brandies and in fact anything in the liquor line can not be excelled, as to price or quality send for his complete price list and catalogue and convince yourself. His P. O. address Max Klein 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

### Married.

MUSSER—HETTINGER.—On the 19, at the Lutheran parsonage, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Wm. S. Musser and Clara Hettinger, both of Spring Mills, Pa.


When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## BETRAYED.

I worshipped her in such devout, strong wise,
That all the essence of my soul and brain
Dwelt in the vestal violet of her eyes,
Calm as the ghost-glance of some dead Elaine.

I knew that I alone this gem possessed,
Remembering years of supplication, ere
I dared to touch the Mecca of Her breast,
Or kiss the Lavey Orient of her hair.

I trusted in the smile her pure face wore;
I murmured the sweet gospel of her words;
And would have doubted of her love no more
Than summer would have doubted of its birds.

Until, as blind beatitude increased,
Truth's dismal skeleton with subtle art,
Sitting beside me at soft passion's feast,
Showed me that rank, black infamy—her heart.

Ah, God! no hells have torment to compare
With the mad, nameless pain I suffered then—
The mental crucifixion of despair
Must be alike to Adam's anguish, when

For the first time he saw Eden's bloom,
The luminous day he thought was ever bright,
Swoon by slow changes to the twilight's gloom,
And die in the black voids of boundless night.

# Mr. Crabbe's Burglar.

Two maiden ladies occupy the front parlor of our lodging-house, and Mr. Crabbe, an exceedingly crusty old bachelor, the back parlor adjoining. We never knew whether it was his name that made him so crabbed, or whether his natural disposition had given him his name. Between him and the Misses Brown, the said maiden ladies, war raged almost without cessation—till recently.

Mr. Crabbe owns an uncommonly vicious parrot, which generally has the freedom of its owner's room, and the ladies have a very large Maltese cat, which they claim is far more intelligent than the average man. Summer days Jack, the parrot, sits in the open transom over Mr. Crabbe's door and abuses the big cat, who is rendered almost delirious by his inability to climb the door casing, which Mr. Crabbe has carefully covered with zinc, and annihilate his enemy.

Harry Clark and Dick Allison, two bright, manly young fellows, also room in the house. They are the life of the place, running over with fun and activity. We all take our meals in the next house, and at table such conversations as these have been frequent:—

From Miss Priscilla Brown:

"Good morning, Mr. Crabbe. I hope that abominable bird of yours talked itself hoarse yesterday."

"Thank you madam; I am happy to say that Jack seems in uncommon good health and spirits, though I think the fact is remarkable, considering the way that vicious cat of yours worries him."

"Vicious, indeed!" This from Miss Abigail. "I assure you, sir, that Sampson has always been noted for his quiet disposition and gentle manners."

"Yes'm, he seemed quiet that day when he clawed the paint all off my door trying to get at poor Jack! I guess the zinc I've put on will fix his nails," chuckling.

"Indeed, Mr. Crabbe—" begins Miss Priscilla, with dignity. The sisters usually take turns in attacking the enemy, but about this time Harry Clark interrupts the beligerents and adroitly turns the conversation.

Now it happened that the Misses Brown were mortally afraid of burglars, and on the hottest night the transom over their door was kept tightly closed. Mr. Crabbe, on the contrary, as in duty bound, if only that he might oppose his neighbors, professed the utmost fearlessness as regarded burglars, hinting darkly as to what might happen should he be molested.

"I hope, sir," said Harry Clark, "that you wouldn't shoot; we don't want a murder in the house."

"No, I shouldn't shoot."

"Might one inquire what you would do then?" asked Dick Allison.

"No, sir, one mightn't" replied the old gentleman testily. "If you happened to be the burglar, you'd find out."

A conversation like this seemed to take place every few days.

One day Dick said to Harry,—

"Let's get up a joke on old Crabbe. He's bragged so much about not being afraid of burglars; let's scare him and see what he will do in an emergency."

So the two put their heads together, and shortly evolved a dummy, surmounted by a very black negro mask and an uncommonly woolly wig.

"Wonder what he'll do when that phiz appears over his doorway," said young Allison.

It was an uncommonly hot July night; everybody but the Misses Brown slept with transoms and windows wide open, Mr. Crabbe included.

About one o'clock the two young men stole softly down the stairway, bearing between them the combination that was to scare Mr. Crabbe. They made their descent noiselessly, with no trouble, as a light always burned in the hall, and they were barefooted.

Nobody has a very clear idea of just what happened after the conspirators reached the door and placed the dummy in position. It seems, however, that the old gentleman, who is a light sleeper, was awakened by a slight noise, and starting up, he saw the head of a negro appearing in the open transom. Slipping out of bed he noiselessly climbed upon a table near the door which, occupying a little recess, was not visible until the head and shoulders of the intruder had entered. Upon that table were two large pails of ice water, he prepared them every night, we learned afterward. The head of the dummy rested on the door; all was still.

"I don't believe he's awake," whispered Harry. "Let's give it another shove."

The shove was accordingly given; the negro's shoulders came in sight, when, like a second deluge, a whole pail of ice water went through the transom, and as the young men were crouching on the floor directly beneath it, of course they were drenched. The dummy fell to the floor with a thump.

With a cry which they could not wholly suppress, Harry and Dick sprang away and sped up-stairs, just as a second pailful came through. Unluckily, Sampson, who always roamed through the house at his pleasure, felt called upon to pass that way just then, and the second instalment fell directly upon him.

Well, the cat made no effort whatever to disguise his feelings; the house rang with feline anguish in just two seconds. Mr. Crabbe's door and that of the Misses Brown flew open simultaneously, and the three gazed at each other in well nigh speechless anger. Dick and Harry were safe in their room, lodgers in various kinds of undress uniform thronged the hall and stairways, making incoherent inquiries as to "What on earth is the matter?"

The dummy lay on the floor. Streams of ice water were pouring over the oilcloth. Sampson, the instant his mistress' door opened, went through it like a meteor and disappeared under the bed; Jack, awakened from his slumbers, perched on the door and remarked,—

"Well, I never!"

"I suppose," said Mr. Crabbe, when he could speak, "that I am indebted to you ladies for this joke."

"Sir," retorted Miss Abigail, indignantly, "you insult us."

Miss Priscilla began to cry, and both ladies, suddenly remembering that they were not dressed to receive company, retired to their room, slamming the door after them with emphasis.

Mrs. Smith, our landlady, appeared with a servant girl and mops and pails at this juncture and began to clear up the wreck. The vials of Mr. Crabbe's wrath were immediately turned upon her.

"I can tell you, madam, that I consider this an outrage! Yes'm an outrage! And I shall vacate my room at once—at once, madam!"

Mrs. Smith is a meek, helpless sort of a woman, and therein lies her power. She rules us with an iron hand, for we never know when she may burst into tears. Now she showed strong symptoms of bursting as she replied,—

"Really, Mr. Crabbe, I don't see what I'll do. You've been here so long, and I'd lose a week's rent, at least, if you left that sudden."

"You shouldn't rent your rooms to people who play jokes, madam."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the parrot.

"But I don't know who did it," tearfully; "but I suppose itwas those boys."

"Yes, ma'am, we are the culprits," said Harry, who, with Dick, having donned dry clothes, now came down stairs and joined the grinning group in the hall, who, now that their first alarm was over, thoroughly enjoyed the affair.

"Oh, you young scamps!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "I'll have you arrested; that's what I'll do!"

"But Mr. Crabbe," pleaded Harry, "I think it's partly your fault. We wanted to know what device you had to scare off burglars, so we could fortify our own room, and you wouldn't tell us, though I'm sure we asked you often enough."

"And you nearly killed us with ice water," added Dick. "I daresay we shall have pneumonia, as it is."

"Serves you right!"

And not taking the trouble to say good-night, Mr. Crabbe allowed his red dressing-gown to vanish through his door.

"Serves you right," said Jack.

Harry and Dick carried the demolished dummy out to the coal house, and quiet having been restored, we retired to our rooms.

The next morning the bachelor and the maiden ladies utterly ignored each other until the former gruffly remarked,—

"I suppose I owe you ladies an apology, as I learn it was those young scamps across the table who disturbed my rest last night."

The ladies were so pleased at being the recipients of an apology from a man that they melted at once. Anxious inquiries as to Sampson, from the rest of us, developed the fact that he was as well as could be expected, the sisters having spent the rest of the night drying his precious fur.

The cook said that he stole a pint of cream that same afternoon, so we felt that his condition was not hopeless, provided, of course, that he still managed to elude the flat-irons and things cook throws at him at such times.

Strangely enough, peace was declared between Mr. Crabbe and the Misses Brown. As for Harry and Dick, they were so amiably penitent that no one at all merciful could lay up anything against them.

Jack and Sampson are still sworn enemies, and Mr. Crabbe still arranges his ice water each night. In case he should not wake up until the burglars had made an entrance we are in doubt as to what would occur, and Harry and Dick decline to institute any further investigations.

### A Crank's Bequest.

A. B. Arthur, an eccentric farmer of Marion, Mo., who died in June, by his will has bequeathed $50,000 to found a home for "indigent hackmen." The strangest circumstance in relation to the will is that there are few hackmen in that portion of Missouri.

# HIS HEAD CUT OFF.

### A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION IN MONGOLIA.

### The Victim, a Miserable-Looking Being, Drawn in an Ordinary Farm Cart.

The Rev. J. Gilmour in the Chinese Recorder: Jan. 4, 1889, was a bitterly cold day in Mongolia. I had hardly got my table, forms and medicine-boxes out to the stand on the streets when it became apparent that there would be nothing done on the streets that day. As I came near the Yamen there seemed to be a stream of people pouring into it, and a friendly Chinese asked me if I too had come to see the bustle. "What bustle?" The execution, of course. I had never heard of it, but joined the stream and found myself in the outer court of the Yamen. The open court was partly filled with a crowd of townspeople, mostly young, among whom petty traders were selling flour, tea and sweetmeats.

The south gate looks out upon a square mile or so of waste land, desolated by a river whose stream for most of the year is a mere rivulet. The northwest wind was sweeping the sand across the plain. Close by the gate a small crowd of boys, with their hands up their sleeves, crouched in the shelter of a house. Not far off from the crowd of boys a table and two or three chairs were lying on the ground. Countrymen came straggling across the plain on their way to market to sell their loads of brush-wood fuel. I walked out to the shed, and coming back saw some movement beginning. The table and chairs were being carried through the willow plantation toward the shed, catching on the bushes as they passed. I had been looking at the crowd among the willows when a voice close at hand invited me not to go away, but to come and see the "fun." Looking toward the sound I was startled to find I was in the presence of the executioner, carrying a great two-handed sword or knife, the handle appropriately ending up in a carved human head. A couple of minutes later the cavalry with their red bravery wound in sight and close behind them was an ordinary farm cart drawn by two small, lean horses and an ox.

A number of men were seated on the cart, three or four of them were holding in position at the tail of the cart a pale, haggard man about 48 years of age. His hands were tied behind his back, and rising some three feet above his head a perpendicular superscription written on white paper in great Chinese characters, and affixed to a stick thrust down his back, waved in the wind. The crowd, which had somewhat increased by this time, left its shelter for a close look at the prssoner, then scampered away by a short cut through the willow plantation to take up a good position and get a good view. There was no need to hurry. The cart, slow at best, had to pass through a bed of sand drifted on the road and there the lean animals came nearly to a standstill. Arrived at the place the prisoner and his guards dismounted and stood in a little group just in front of the shed. I found myself just opposite the prisoner. He was a tall, pale, starved Chinaman. He was in fetters. His trousers were in rags to such an extent that they in no way concealed his person. For upper garments he had a ragged wadded jacket. His bare arms were bound with a rope behind his back. Moisture trickling from his nose had formed an icicle, which hung from his thin, black moustache on his upper lip. The hair on his unshaven head had grown long.

A smart, swift cart soon drew up behind the shed, the mandarin entered through the doorway left in the matting at the beak, the guards shuffled the prisoner forward toward the front of the shed, made him duck his head to the mandarin, and then, with some noise and shouting, hurriedly hustled him off at a greater distance. The crowd surged about and I could see nothing. A moment or two later I caught a glimpse of a group of men crouching round a kneeling figure, holding him at extreme arm's length and averting their faces and keeping their heads as far away as possible. The crowd surged again; there was a sound such as I have heard from a butcher's cleaver when splitting open a carcass. The crowd was still for a moment, then began rapidly to disperse, and there was the man's head lying on the sand, the features unchanged, except the eyes closed. The trunk it was impossible to see through a crowd of youths and boys who pressed close around it. The mandarin climbed into his cart and drove off. The crowd scattered quickly, young and old remarking, with glee and approval, "Wasn't that knife sharp?" Two men, after fixing the end of the pig-tail to the long hair near the brow, slipped a ten-foot pole through the loop, and carrying the head thus started for the Yamen. Finding that blood still dripped they, by a movement of the pole, wiped it on the sand and slowly went off.

Meantime the carcass was being freed from the fetters and stripped of rags. The cord which had bound the arms was tied to the ankles and the two men asking each other, "Where's the pit?" began to drag the body breast downward along the sand. The jacket, which had not been removed, covered the neck and hand of one disentangled arm left a trail on the sand as it was dragged along.

The "pit" was a slight depression a few yards off close to the highway and there, in a little hollow, two men began to heap sand over the body. One lad with a knife attempted to cut a piece of flesh from the neck. He was not interrupted, but did not succeed, and the men who were performing the burial simply asked him why he did not use a sharp knife. The crowd asked what he wanted it for. The lad replied: "I had a use for it."

But the wind was cold. The bustle was over. The crowd had gone. The shed was being taken down. The table and chairs were being carried off. One of the men burying said to the other: "I'll finish this; you go and see to the things getting back—one table and two chairs." The ground was frozen. No hole had been dug. To cover a corpse by heaping up the loose sand unfrozen on the surface was not easy, especially in a high wind. The dead man's bare heels would peep through, and I went slowly on, leaving the man at his unfinished task. A few days later I passed the place and some one had taken the poor, little, miserable rope from the ankles and the blood-saturated, ragged wadded jacket from the shoulders, the heels still staring through the sand like two stones. At a later visit the heels were still there and the dogs had gnawed one of the arms.

## CLEANLY SAVAGES.

### Many of Them Think a Daily Bath is Really a Necessity.

Cleanliness is a virtue which is not supposed to be practised to any large extent among uncivilized people. It is a fact, however that some savage tribes are cleanly in their habits, and in this respect are far superior to many people who live in civilized lands. In scores of African tribes the daily bath is regarded as a necessity of life, and the first duty of the morning is to bathe in the river or little stream that flows near the native village. Many Africans, also, never think of eating without washing their hands and faces after the meal. This habit is widely practised and has been observed not only among such advanced people as the Waganda, but also among small and less promising tribes on the Congo.

It may surprise some people to learn that the use of tooth-brushes is known in all parts of Africa. The African is noted for his fine white teeth, but he does not keep them white without an effort. The tooth-brush used by the native African consists of a short stick of fibrous wood, which is chewed until the fibres at the end resemble bristles. The natives spend considerable time rubbing the end of the little stick over their teeth. Mr. Ashe says that the Wauyamwezi, who have splendid teeth, seldom have the brushes out of their mouths.

We would think it very hard lines were we compelled to keep clean without soap. But many Africans have their soap, too, which, though it is soft and rather dirty in appearance, answers the purpose very well. The Waganda, for instance, place ashes in plantain leaves folded up in the form of a funnel. Water is poured in and is caught as lye in another vessel. Then fat is added to the lye and the whole mixture is boiled down. The process is almost exactly the same as that used by our farmers in the manufacture of soft soap. There is little doubt that it was introduced into equatorial Africa from Egypt and the Soudan.

### Joking a Railroad Director.

The station agent at Benham was a joker from way back, and it was a cold week when he couldn't spring something new on the boys. It was a railroad junction, and more or less drummers, advance agents, and other men who had cut their eye teeth were always to be found there waiting for a train. One of Dick's best guys proved his ruin. With the help of his wife he rigged up a lay figure to represent a fashionable young lady, and at a proper time he would seat her on a baggage truck in a shady spot on the depot platform. In the semi-darkness the figure was perfect. One hand held a parasol and the other pressed a handkerchief to her face, as if she were in great distress. A wire was attached to her back and was conducted into the ticket office, and at a given moment Dick could cause the figure to turn a back somersault over the truck by a pull of the wire.

Many and many a man got sold on that young lady, and it had got to be an old story when a "fresh" came along one evening and the boys gave Dick the tip. He set his trap and waited for results. On the same train with the "fresh" came a director of Dick's road—a hefty old chap about 50 years old. He was not known, and had no occasion to introduce himself. Somehow or other the "fresh" refused to bite, but the director did. Getting uneasy after a while, he began walking the platform, and by and by his gaze fell upon the female in the shadow of the freight house. He advanced rather cautiously, and as he came up he lifted his hat and saluted:

"Ahem! Good evening!"

There was no response, and he walked on a few feet, and turned and retraced his steps.

"Ahem! Beg pardon, but are you in trouble?" he asked.

She did not reply, and he walked away again and returned to say:

"If you are in trouble and need a friend let me know."

She was still dumb, and he did not know what to make of it. After a moment he advanced and touched her on the shoulder, and had begun to remark that she would find in him a friend, when a wire was pulled and she tipped backward over the track. The good man rushed to her assistance, and it was not until he had her in his arms that he discovered the sell. At about the same moment there were chuckles and guffaws and titters from thirty or forty people who were "on," and the director realized the put-up job. He hadn't a word to say, but he followed that wire to the window, satisfied himself as to who worked it, and early next day Dick got the bounce and had to go clear to California to strike another job.

## BILL NYE STUCK.

### How He Had to be Dug Out of a New Pavement.

An extremely tall man, whose prominent characteristics seemed to be a pair of ears, No. 14 boots, and a bald head, wandered uncertainly out of the Willard the other evening, says the Washington Post, and started down Pennsylvania avenue. His walk was listless and his long legs wobbled. He inspected Franklin's statue and criticised audibly for several minutes and then continued his journey toward the capitol. At Ninth street a gang of laborers were busy putting down a new coat of macadamized pavement and the huge rolling-machine was getting in its work. The tall man became interested. He smiled happily at the passers-by and gave his undivided attention to the busy scene before him. It was near closing time, and presently the laborers laid aside their tools and prepared to quit work. The roller was covered in an oil-cloth suit and the workers left the street.

"Funniest thing I ever saw," remarked the tall man aloud. "What's the fare?"

The question was directed to a little negro boy who was donning a ragged coat.

"What fare?" he inquired.

"How much do they charge?"

"Waffo?"

"To ride on the masheen."

The little negro looked the man over carefully, placed his hand in his trouser's pocket, and strolled away whistling sweetly the inspiring strains of "Dazzle-Dazzle."

The man looked after him a moment in scornful silence, and then walked in a doubtful, uncertain kind of way out onto the new made pavement. He took two steps and stopped. His features expressed surprise at first, then amazement, and then the two combined, with a little disgust added. But he didn't move. His legs shook and his hat settled down over his ears. One hand fanned the air at the rate of four miles a minute, and its mate performed similar revolutions on the other.

"Leggo!" he yelled, while a crowd oongregated rapidly on the sidewalk. "Leggo me feet!"

Then he pawed for a moment and looked toward his audience in a gentle, pleasing way.

"Make 'em leggo," he said, plaintively, "I can't get loose."

A small boy snickered and a fat man laughed in a large, round tone of voice.

"He's stuck fast to the pavement," some one shouted. "Git an axe!"

And then, amid the approving criticisms of 400 people, the fat man, two policemen, and a neighboring drug-clerk dug up four square yards of asphaltum pavement in liberating the tall man. The latter, upon reaching the sidewalk and before returning in his peculiar way to the Willard house, handed one of his rescuers this card:

"Bill Nye,
"Tomkinsville, S. C."

"That's me," he murmured; "much obliged."

### Owns Miles of Wheat.

Garner Robinson forty years ago was a poor boy among the crofters on the Isle of Skye, off the west coast of Scotland. He shipped aboard a whaler and was wrecked on the coast of Japan. He was rescued by Commodore Perry's expedition and became an American seaman. He served in the Union Navy during the war and then went to Manitoba. He is now the owner of miles of wheat fields near Winnipeg, on the Canadian Pacific. Robinson is a bearded giant, weighing 240 pounds. He is now on his way to his native land for a visit, after an absence of two score years.

### A Whiskey Substitute.

A substitute for whisky as a remedy for rattlesnake bites has been discovered. A man in Clinton County, Missouri, was bitten on the leg by a rattler while in the woods two miles from home a few days ago, wiped the blood off with a leaf, and taking a big cud of tobacco from his mouth bound it on the wound with a piece of bark. After reaching home he bathed his leg with ammonia, and has suffered no ill effect other than a slight swelling of the bitten spot.

### Very Funny Situation.

Servian affairs have a ludicrous aspect at present. Ex-King Milan is furious because the Servian Government allowed Nathalie to have an interview with her son, the young King Alexander. To the royal mind it will always seem absurd that any one connected, even in the remotest way, with a throne should indulge in natural affection. But Nathalie's love for her son is more praiseworthy than Milan's fondness for the gaming-table.

### Liked Mr. Childs.

A London correspondent says: "My worthy friend, Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia, assures me that he never stated that the MS. of 'Our Mutual Friend' was presented to him by Dickens, but that he acquired that interesting document by purchase. I know of my own knowledge that Dickens had a great regard and esteem for Mr. Childs, whom I first met at Gadshill."

### Pulled Out His Whiskers.

Ben Williams, of Lansing, Mich., has a novel way of ridding his face of whiskers. Every Sunday morning for the past twenty-two years he has sat down before the glass and pulled the hair out of the lower part of his face with a pair of tweezers. He says that it hurt like most anything at first, but he don't mind it a bit now. He is seventy-five years old, and is loaded with nerve and grit.

## FUN.

Some men have a mission; others have not even the promise of a consulate.—Life.

Of course the emblematic bloom of base ball is the pitcher plant.—Baltimore American.

It doesn't seem inappropriate that Tuscaloosa should have a dental college —Yonkers Gazette.

There is nothing loud about the flannel shirt. On the contrary it is modest and shrinking.—Washington Capital.

Highwayman (to pawnbroker)—Put up your hands! Pawnbroker—How much vill I get on 'em?—Texas Siftings.

Temperance Orator—"What is it, my hearers, that drives men to drink?" Voice from the Back Seat—"Salt mackerel."—Life.

The glowing autumn's varied tints
With silent joy we always greet,
Because its gilded glory hints
Of buckwheat cakes and sausage meat.
—Utica Observer.

Little Elsie—"O, take me up, mamma; it's so muddy."

Mamma—"Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido."—Life.

"Is there anything a man cannot do?" asks an exchange. We have never yet found a man who could scold the children with his mouth full of pins.—Lawrence American.

Sullivan—Say, Murphy, phwat th' divil do th' thrae balls mane over the pawnbroker's doure? Murphy—Oi tought ivry intelligent mon knew they manes fait', hope an' charity.—Time.

Dervish means "one who lies at the door." It is not proper to call a returned fisherman a dervish, for he begins it as soon as he gets yn the ferryboat.—San Francisco Alta.

Head Clerk—I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir. "So I see, but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time."—Toronto Grip.

Young Wife—Ach! how fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening! Bosom Friend—Yes, your husband never was much addicted to pleasure. —Fliegende Blaetter.

"My dear sister, you should make a point of blushing when the Duke speaks to you."

"But I cannot."

"Then the Duke is not the man he used to be."—Pick-Me Up.

Returned Traveller—"I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?" Old Friend—"Long ago. She married him."—New York Weekly.

Inquiring spectator (at the races)—"Which horse was it that won?" Speculative spectator (gloomily)—"I don't know the name of the horse that won, but I know the names of most of the horses that didn't win."—New York Weekly.

Tompkins—"Heard you left the boarding-house, Jack." Jack—"Yes; the landlady was far too modest for me." Tompkins—"Modest—how's that?" Jack—"O, she insisted that we eat dressed beef at every meal."—Kearney Enterprise.

"Oh, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something to prevent him going down hill so rapidly?"

"He might try the legislature, madam. There the decline is only gradual."

A little tot before tumbling into her nest, the other night, offered her slumber prayer as follows:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake
(I wouldn't die for a hundred dollars),
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
—New Bedford Standard.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the hotel clerk of a seedy looking man.

"Yes, sir; you can loan me $5."

"But I'm not going to do it."

"No. I didn't think it. I merely wanted to answer your question.—Merchant Traveler.

Goode Catche—"By Jove! What a stunning creature May Blossom is."

Miss Chevious—"Indeed."

Goode Catche—"Yes; you know, she's so well poised, so sure of herself."

Miss Chevious—"Well, she ought to be; she has known herself long enough."—Time.

"What have you for me this morning?" said Blinkins, as the letter carrier approached. "Something important, I suppose." "No, sir; only a couple of postal cards. One of them is an invitation to the Tomahawk Club, and the other is from your wife asking you to meet her at the train."—Washington Capital.

She (as he steals a kiss)—Why, you robber! I shall have you arrested for larceny from the person.

He (kissing her once more)—Very well; I have given it back. If you make that complaint against me I shall charge you with receiving stolen property knowing it to be such.—Lawrence American.

Tommy—Are we going to take the cat with us when we go to see grandma next week?

Mrs. Figg—Of course not. What makes you ask such foolish questions?

Tommy—'Cause I heard pa tell Mr. Braggs that the mice would have a high old time while the cat is away next week, that's all.—Terre Haute Express.

## HOUSEHOLD.

STRAWBERRY ACID—Select eight quarts of ripe strawberries, and pour over them half a gallon of water in which has been dissolved four ounces of citric acid. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, and then drain off the liquid. Add one pound and a half of lump sugar to each pint of juice and boil. Let the boiled juice stand three days and then bottle. Use a tablespoonful to a glassful of ice-water when serving as a beverage.

CURRANTADE—Mash one pound of currants and half a pound of raspberries, add half a pound of sugar and a gallon of cold water, stir and strain. Whatever is not needed for immediate use may be put in bottles and will keep several days on ice.

SUMMER LEMONADE — Slice four lemons and two oranges over a cupful of white sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls of strawberries, raspberries, or cherries, and half a dozen slices of pineapple. Let the fruit stand for an hour, then add one quart of cold water.

MILK LEMONADE—Peel twenty-four lemons and put about one-third of the rinds into three quarts of hot water. Rub the other lemon peel with white sugar. Squeeze the lemons and add one pound and a half of white sugar. Add the water and rinds and three quarts of boiling milk. Mix and strain through a jelly bag. Put it on ice to use on the day after it is made. It will keep two days.

PINEAPPLEADE — After removing the skin of a pineapple, grate or chop it, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Pour a quart of boiling water over it, and sweeten to taste. Strain, and set on ice to chill before serving.

RASPBERRY CORDIAL—Crush one pound of raspberries and stir into them one quart of water and the juice of two oranges; add a sliced lemon, cover, and let the mixture stand two hours. then strain, and add one pint of sugar. Cool on ice before serving. Cherry, grape, or blackberry cordial may be made in the same way.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL—Crush ripe blackberries, and to each gallon of juice add one quart of boiling water; let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring it a few times; strain, and add two pounds of sugar to each gallon of liquid; put in jugs and cork tightly. This is excellent for summer complaint, and can be taken by delicate invalids.

GRAPE JUICE—Select not-too-ripe grapes, and put them into an agate preserving-kettle with one pint of water to every three quarts of fruit, and slowly bring to a scald, stirring them occasionally. Then dip out into a cheese-cloth bag and drain over night. Strain the expressed juice through another bag, and add sugar to suit the taste; then bring to a boil, skimming frequently, and seal in heated glass cans, like fruit. This is pure, unfermented wine, suitable for communion wine. It is also recommended by medical men as an invaluable and unstimulating tonic. Other fruit-juices, for flavoring and beverages, can be preserved in the same way.

Baked potatoes must be eaten as soon as they are done. When they are taken from the oven they should be put into a napkin or towel and the skin broken so as to allow the steam to escape; this will keep the potato mealy. If it cools without breaking the skin it will be watery and will have an acrid taste, which is caused by the retaining of a kind of juice which lies next the skin.

Tea, coffee or cocoa are three admissible drinks, but not in excess. For the voice the *American Druggist* recommends cocoa as the best. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has been drawn too long, for it then becomes acid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membranes of the throat. There is always a sensation of dryness after taking a cup of tea that has been allowed to draw too long.

To make a cherry-stain mix together by stirring one quart of spirits of turpentine, one pint of japan, one pound of Venetian red ground in oil and two ounces of dry burned umber. Apply with a brush and wipe off with a cloth. Finish with one coat of shellac and two coats of varnish.

BROILED KIDNEYS—Split the kidneys through lengthwise and run an iron skewer through them to keep them flat; pepper and broil over a clear fire. Sprinkle with salt, put a bit of butter on each and serve on a hot dish.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING—Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacupful of butter, one teacupful of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding dish lined with dices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

BERKSHIRE COOKIES—One cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda; dissolve in a half cupful of cold water, a dessertspoonful of salt; a tablespoonful of melted butter, one dessertspoonful of ginger, flour enough to roll out to the thickness of an inch. Bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

SAUCE FOR FISH—Take the yelks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt. Stir over a slow fire till it thickens.

To arrest hiccough Dresch directs that both ears be closed with the fingers, with pressure, while a few swallows of liquid are taken.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The oldest college dormitory in the United States is the one known as South Middle at Yale. It was erected in 1752.

—Boston has now thirty Congregational, twenty-eight Baptist and twenty-seven Episcopal churches

—A meeting of members of the United and Reformed Presbyterian churches was held recently in Pittsburgh, at which a committee was appointed to urge the union of these two branches before the higher courts of both churches.

—The voluntary contributions for the support of the Anglican schools of England amounted to over $30,000,000 in the period between 1870 and 1888. Diocesan inspectors class the Anglican schools thus: Excelent, 10,969; fair, 3,851; indifferent, 284.

—It has been the custom at Yale when assisting needy students to give help irrespective of scholarship standing. The faculty have now concluded that assistance will be more worthily bestowed if given to no students falling below the second of the four scholarship division of the several classes.

—Mrs. Gore Cuthbert has successfully introduced a new branch of industry in her Industrial School at Blackrock, Ireland, in addition to the knitting and other work carried on there. This is silk hand-embroidery, adapted to dresses, and chiefly carried out in Celtic designs from the Book of Kells. It is said to be very beautiful.

—The statistics of New England colleges given out recently by the Young Men's Christian Association at its meeting at Middletown, Conn., show that Williams College has the largest percentage of church members in attendance next to Wesleyan and Middlebury. Out of three hundred and ten men, two hundred and eighteen are members of the church, and over forty are training for the Christian ministry.

—The attendance at Board schools, as the public non-sectarian schools of England are called, has increased in sixteen years from 8,726 to 1,378,006. The attendance at Church schools has also increased in the same period, but in no such proportion. The Church of England schools report an attendance of 1,664,076, which is larger by about 286,000 than that of the Board schools; Dissenting schools (Protestant), 384,799, an increase of upward of 88,000; Dissenting schools (Roman Catholic), 188,086, an increase of more than 108,000

—An official report shows that there are 883 Indian schools in the Dominion. Of this number 84 are managed by the Church of England, 80 Roman Catholic, 33 Methodist, 10 Presbyterian and 16 undenominational. The funds for their support are divided as follows: Roman Catholics, $257,600; Church of England, $186,761; Presbyterians, $56,430; non-denominational, $31,041; Methodists, $31,541; total, $574,283. The Church of England, the Presbyterian church and the Methodist church supplemented the government grant quite materially, but the Catholic church is not known to make any expenditure for the schools.

### The Corsican Vendetta.

Should a Corsican in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or *coup de fusil*, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice in the shape of gendarmes winks with both eyes unless the murderer be very unpopular. True he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the *macqui*, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain sides. Well-informed Corsicans tell one that there are at this moment in the island over 1,000 in hiding. But please understand, the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenseless, happen to fall in with him he will not take your purse, but, on the contrary, offer you food if he has it and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self-defense with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock. And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he does not love money. For a very few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And while this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.—[National Review

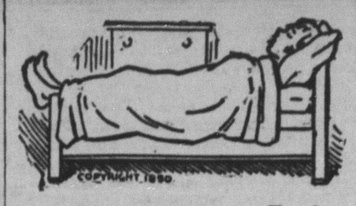
### His Wife Got Even.

A local doctor had an experience collecting a bill which he will not soon forget. The account amounted to $18, and, after sending monthly statements for three years, the debtor, a merchant, by the way, sent a check which, on presentation at the bank, was found to be worthless. It happened about this time that the physician's wife wished some articles for the house and visited the merchant's store. She was unknown to the proprietor, who was all suavity and politeness, and although prices were a little high, she purchased a bill of goods amounting to $21. When she gave her name and address and ordered the goods sent to the house the courteous proprietor nearly fainted. He had gone so far, however, that he was ashamed not to send the goods, which were delivered in good time. Promptly he received his worthless check by mail. Then he began sending bills for the balance of $3. When did he get the balance? The calendar and his books will show that the $3 were remitted just three years after the account was contracted, and the doctor laughs in his sleeve whenever he thinks about it.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

APPLE TOAST-WATER—Toast a slice of bread very brown and crumble into large pieces. Mix those with two or three baked apples, and over them pour a quart of boiling water. Sugar to taste, and strain.

Vinegar improves by keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply.

Rain-water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

*Too long* deluded — the unhappy victim of catarrh in the head. He's been told that it can't be cured. Don't you believe it. It can be, and it is—no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has been done for thousands—by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Other so-called remedies may *palliate* for a time; this *cures* for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. Its makers offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. They are able to pay it. Are you able to take it?

The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases terminate in Consumption and end in the grave, without ever having manifested all these symptoms. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.


### "HILT HER HOLT."

**Aunt Jinsey's First and Only Ride on a Railroad Train.**

She never had any children of her own; but to several generations of Sandy Ridge young folks she has been "Aunt Jinsey." Her life has been narrow, and her experience limited in its range. Until last year, the events which made epochs in Aunt Jinsey's experience were the completion of her first quilt, her baptism in Tussahaw creek, her slighting of Deacon Barnes—a three-months' widower—when she was sixteen, her marriage four years later to Jabez Golightly, and the winning of a blue ribbon on her fortieth birthday by her Jersey heifer at the country fair. But last year she saw a wonderful new phase of life. In July, Uncle Jack began to get ready for their annual visit to his brother David, who lives fifteen miles distant. However, instead of driving there along the chaming country road, as has been their want for forty years, starting in the early morning, beneath pink sunrise skies, jogging along past dewy fields and just awakening woods, arriving while the morning-glories yet held out their red and blue cups, the old couple decided to make the trip in a way novel to them both. This decision brought to both of them much trepidation, but more eagerness.

On the appointed day, they drove, with quickening pulse-beats, the long ten miles to J——, a small station on the railroad newly constructed through this section of the East. There they took the cars for a ride of seven miles to a tank, where an obliging conductor was in the habit of letting passengers off. This tank was only two miles from David Golightly's.

Aunt Jinsey lived through it, though, from the moment when the locomotive screeched and pulled off at J—— until it stood stone still at the tank, she did not expect to.

"Yes, Dave," said Uncle Jabe, a few days after, "we'll be obliged ter you ter send us home behing yore ole maro. I ain't er hoin' so powerful pertickler ter be whizzed inter turnal kyos by thet thing."

And his good woman added: "Yes, Dave; the ole maro's sartainly a properer critter to pull us home than thet whoopin-injine."

But it was an experience that actually enriched existence for these two kindly souls. When the apple-cheeked Sandy Ridge girls and boys cluster around Aunt Jinsey now to hear her tell the marvelous story of her tour, and when she has graphically described the hooting and the roaring, the whirring and the buzzing, the shaking up and the shooting wildly through space, they always ask breathlessly:

"And what *did* you do, Aunt Jinsey?"

She wipes her face with her clean checked apron and, drawing a deep breath, replies: "Law, law, my precious uns, I jist hilt my holt an' promassed the Lord ez fast ez I could thet ef Ho'd git me off safe I'd nuver be ketched agin hitched onto no engodly, scritchu' loker moter!"—Detroit Free Press.

FRUIT BEVERAGE—To the juice of twelve lemons add two pounds of sugar, three quarts of water, one quart of ripe raspberries, and a pineapple, sliced.


Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.


A rich mellow soil and frequent cutting out of the old wood is necessary to grow a good crop of currants.


FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.


Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is one of the most indefatigable travelers among women authors. She has recently completed a year's tour of the world, and is now going to Alaska.


CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.


Electricity can now be used to operate a machine for mining coal.


If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle


Russia has ordered a large quantity of ammunition in France.

## HUMOROUS.

And Yet he Was Not Happy—City Visitor—What makes little Tommy cry so, Mr. Leeks?

Farmer Leeks—Wall, the fact is, he went out this morning to find a hornets' nest for his natural history collection, and——

City Visitor—And the poor boy couldn't find one?

Farmer Leeks—Naw; the poor boy found one.

EASILY IDENTIFIED—Mr. Suburb—Where on earth is our hired man? I can't find him anywhere.

Mrs. Suburb—There is somebody over in Farmer Hayseed's meadow, but I can't tell whether it's our man or not.

Is he standing up or sitting down?

Standing.

It isn't our man.

AN INDUSTRIOUS BOY—Mrs. Fangle—How industrious your boy is. I saw him digging in the garden just now. I wish I could get our Freddy to work like that.

Mrs. Cumso (with a sigh)—He's digging bait to go fishing.

A Dangerous Location—First Tramp (pointing to a scarecrow in a cornfield)—Look! Lookee there!

Second Tramp—My! My! We must git out o' this, double quick. They've caught one of us fellers and nailed him to a pole.

"Doctor, might not a sudden fright bring on my trouble again?"

"Very certainly!"

"Then, of course, you will be careful to make out your bill accordingly."

A LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT—"Mr. Scribbleton, I have a compliment for you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; a friend of mine, Miss Belle Pepperton says that you are developing very marked literary tastes."

"Oh, indeed," said Scribbleton, with a sad smile; "it wasn't more than an hour since that I told Miss Pepperton that I hadn't written anything for over a month."

"How far back can you remember, Bobby?" asked his uncle.

"Well," said Bob, "I can remember when I didn't play marbles."

"No further back than that?"

"Oh, yes; I can remember when I couldn't remember at all."

If a two-wheeled wagon is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled wagon a tricycle, what would you call a five-wheeled?

Why, a V-hickle, of course.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Spool Holder
NEW PATENT. Saves time and trouble. An indispensable article for every household. No lady should be without it.
Samples can be seen at this office.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply to Milo B. Stevens & Co.
Attorneys, 1419 F St., Washington, D. C.
Branch Offices. Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 50 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

WANTED A CANVASSER for this town and vicinity. Something sure to take. Write for full particulars to MRS. S. D. ARMBRUSTER, Philadelphia, Woman's Exchange, 19 S. 13th Street.


MAKING A REDUCTION.—"Strawberries, ma'am?" queried the huckster, as she stood in the door of her house in Jersey City.

"How much?" she cautiously inquired.

"Twelve cents a quart, ma'am, or two quarts for twenty-five cents."

"Oh! Well, I'll take two quarts."

"Exactly, ma'am."

He measured out the berries, got his quarter, and drove off, while she disappeared in the house. She came out again after a couple of minutes, however, looked up and down the street, and not being able to see him anywhere she shook her fist in the direction he took, and exclaimed:

"I'll know him by the wart on his nose, and I'll get even with him if it takes a year!"

A Woman's Reason—Celestine—Why didn't you take that seat the gentleman offered you?

Ernestine—Because I would have had to sit next to that woman whose dress doesn't harmonize in color with mine.

Mrs. Hayseed (in Markdown's Grand Central Dry-Goods Emporium)—"Will you please tell me how to get out of this store? All the doors are marked 'entrance,' and I don't see the way out."

After a Proposal—He—You weep, madomoiselle; have I offended you?

She—Oh, no, my dear, these are tears of joy. But yesterday morning mamma said to me: "You are so silly that not even an imbecile would marry you," and now, behold, you have asked me for my hand.


**One Thousand Dollars.**

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York.


Into a solution of gum arabic stir plaster of Paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream; apply with a brush to the broken edges of china, and join together. This makes a strong cement.


If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.


Fine fringed towels, doilies, tidies, etc., look best when the fringe is straightened and smoothed out with a clean, coarse comb after ironing.


**Rupture cure guaranteed by** Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.


A case of common muslin sheeting, that can be removed and washed occasionally, will keep a mattress clean a long time.


**Cann's Kidney Cure for** Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.


The first bank of deposit of France was founded in 1800, of Hamburg in 1619, of Venice in 1171, and of St. George, Genoa, in 1407.


A soap that is soft is *full of water*, half or two-thirds its weight probably thus you pay seven or eight cents per pound for water. Dobbins' Electric Soap is *all* soap and no adulteration, therefore the *cheapest* and *best*. Try *Dobbin's*.


Carry religious principles into common life and common life will lose its transitoriness.


**Frazer Axle Grease.**

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.


Every Christian is called to be a preacher of some kind, but only a few are sent into the pulpit.


# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Peculiar
To Itself.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for children suffering from COLD in HEAD or CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Sold only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Trade Mark. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. Employ the old reliable firm, J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Heirs and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Atty, Washington, D. C.

WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.
PENSION ATTORNEYS
of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. No FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

PENSIONS. DO YOU WANT A PENSION?
Invalid, Widow's or Minor's, or are you drawing less than $12.00 per month?
Have you a claim pending but want relief—now? Write us and receive by return mail appropriate blank and full instructions for your case, with a copy of the new and liberal Law. LONGSHAW & BALLARD, References given. Box 46, Washington, D. C.
32 695

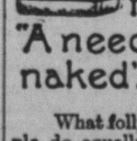
CANNABIS INDICA,
The Great East India Remedy.
Imported by CRADDOCK & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Is warranted to cure
Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Nasal Catarrh.
And will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. Skeptic, ask your druggist for it. One bottle will satisfy you of its merits. $2.50 per pint bottle, or three bottles, $6.50. Send for circular.

$75 TO $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. E. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

FREEMAN & MONEY, Washington, D. C. PATENT, PENSION, CLAIM AND LAND ATTORNEYS. H. D. Money, 10 years Member of Congress. A. A. Freeman, 8 years Ass't U. S. Att'y-Gen.

Strange indeed that



A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE CELLULOID MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG 21.


## CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

### Labors of the National Legislators at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The senate referred the Quay resolution to the committee on rules. Mr. Hoar introduced an amendment to the resolution, including the election bill among those to be considered before adjournment. Debate on the tin plate paragraph of the tariff bill was continued.

The house agreed to the conference report on the fortification bill. Owing to the absence of a quorum very little other business was accomplished.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—The senate continued the debate on the tin plate paragraph in the tariff bill. Mr. Plumb offered an amendment making the duty on tin plate 1 cent a pound and offering a bounty of 1 cent a pound on tin manufactured in the United States.

The house discussed the Nat McKay relief bill, but in the absence of a quorum no business was transacted.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The house agreed to the conference report on the Indian appropriation bill and a resolution authorizing the use of the balance of the Mississippi river flood to aid destitute persons in Oklahoma. The Nat McKay relief bill failed, owing to the absence of a quorum.

The senate laid aside the tariff bill and took up the river and harbor appropriation bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—The senate passed the river and harbor bill. The conference report on the bill to establish a national military park at the battlefield of Chickamauga was agreed to.

The house passed the anti-lottery bill and the Nat McKay relief bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—In the house the conference report on the bill to reorganize the customs district of Puget sound was agreed to. Senate bills were passed authorizing the Oregon Railway Extension company to bridge the Columbia river, Ore., and granting leaves of absence to per diem employes in the customs service. The Mississippi election contest of Chalmers vs. Morgan was determined in favor of the sitting member, Morgan, in accordance with the committee's report.

In the senate Mr. Quay gave formal notice of his desire to change the rules, but the matter went over by objection of Mr. Hoar. The general deficiency bill was considered and passed. The tin plate paragraph in the tariff bill was discussed further without action.

## A DASTARDLY DEED.

### An Excursion Train Ditched by Wreckers—Three Killed.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 16.—A successful attempt at train wrecking was made near Bissell Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, twenty-one miles from this city, and so far as can be learned, Engineer Sullivan, a brakeman and one passenger were killed.

The train was made up of ten cars and was on its way to Atlantic City with a party of excursionists. On reaching Bissell Station there was a sudden lurch and the locomotive and three sleepers jumped the track, one of the latter completely overturning.

The wreckers had displaced the rail and the speed of the train could not be checked before reaching the dangerous point. The locomotive was thrown to one side and Engineer Sullivan was instantly killed. A large number of persons were injured. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

### A Serious Shooting Affray.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 18.—A serious and probably fatal shooting affray occurred at an early hour Sunday morning by which six people were shot. It seems that a number of laborers employed by the Addison Pipe company, whose place is located fifteen miles from this city, came here Saturday night and imbibed freely and on their return home on a "Big Four," which brought a number of passengers, a general fight ensued among the laborers. Revolvers were used and when the smoke cleared away six were found to have been shot, two probably fatally.

### No "Yelping" at Quay's Heels.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—In the senate Mr. Quay made a personal explanation as to a remark attributed to him in certain newspaper reports of the Republican caucus. He had been represented as saying that he did not wish to have southern members of the house of representatives yelping at his heels, urged on by the speaker. He had made no such remark, and had made no reflection on the distinguished presiding officer of the other branch of congress.

### The Gift of France.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The statue of Lafayette given by the French government to the United States, which arrived here yesterday, will be erected in Lafayette square, Washington. It is a beautiful work of art. Its height, with pedestal, is 50 feet, and the cost was $200,000. The pedestal bears on its four sides bronze groups emblematic of Lafayette's career in America.

### A Millionaire Commits Suicide.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18. — Millionaire Joseph A. Jameson, one of the well known Broad street firm of bankers and brokers, Jameson, Smith & Co., committed suicide by hanging yesterday at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Amos Cotting, on Fifth avenue. Temporary insanity, caused by illness, is given as the cause. Mr. Jameson leaves a widow and five adult children.

### Train Robbers' Rich Haul.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 18.—The safe of the Pacific Express company was robbed of $90,000 by train robbers on the Missouri Pacific railway yesterday morning. The train, which was held up in "Robbers' cut" by five men and Expressman Avery was compelled to open the safe, the robbers emptying its contents into a sack. The robbers escaped without molesting the passengers.

### The Tariff on Steel Rails.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Messrs. Aldrich, Hiscock and Sherman, of the senate finance committee, gave a hearing to representatives of the Philadelphia iron interest who are anxious to have the rates on steel billets and rails fixed by the McKinley bill restored by the senate.

### The President's Birthday.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—To-morrow President Harrison will be 57 years of age, and he intends to celebrate the event by spending a few days at Cape May Point. This will be his last trip to the seashore, and it is probable that Mrs. Harrison will spend the month of September at Cresson, Pa.

## A DESPERATE AFFRAY.

### Two Men Slashed with an Ax in a Dark Room.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Aug. 18.—A shocking tragedy occurred at Danville Saturday night, the details of which have just reached here. The reports as far as received, do not say that the principals of the affair were killed instantly, but subsequent developments show their wounds are fatal. The names of the victims are Frank Schuraski and Patrick Monahan. John Minics, who committed the crime, is now in jail awaiting a hearing.

Public opinion is in sympathy with the prisoner, as evidence so far given can be learned shows he committed the deed while resenting an insult to his wife. Schuraski and Monahan went to Minics' house during the night under the influence of liquor. After rousing it some noise was made which attracted the attention of Minics, who appeared in the room with a lamp in his hand, followed by his wife. One of the men told her to go in and mind her own business, but this she declined to do, at the same time making a retort, but before it was finished, the lamp which her husband held was grabbed and thrown across the room in the direction the woman was standing.

Minics at once became furious and seizing an ax, slashed right and left with terrible effect. The light was now extinguished and a terrible struggle ensued. Mrs. Minics was knocked to the floor senseless, where she was found when the rescuers arrived. Minics was also overcome by a blow on the head but soon rallied. Monahan was found on the step with his skull split, a deep gash was cut in his shoulder and he was otherwise bruised. His companion, Schuraski, was found in the house, where he had been knocked by a blow on the forehead, which was split clear across. Neither of the men can recover.

## A GREAT EISTEDFODD.

### Candidate Delamater Addresses a Gay Gathering at Hazleton, Pa.

HARLETON, Pa., Aug. 19.—One of the greatest eistedfodds held in the history of the coal fields was that of yesterday. The town was gayly decorated with bunting and hundreds of people came streaming in all day. Choirs from all over the coal regions participated. They have been preparing for this event for months past.

Mr. Delamater arrived unexpectedly at 3 o'clock, and a committee appointed to meet him did not arrive at the hotel until he had been in town for half an hour.

Last evening Delamater presided over the session and made a brief speech, the pith of which was pleasure at the cordial reception tendered him, and the magnitude of which was totally unexpected. After the session adjourned he made a brief speech from the balcony of the hotel, in which he said, among other things, "the object of the party was free ballot and to put the burden of taxes on corporations and take it off the farmer and laboring man."

### The Pennsylvania Cutoff.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 19.—The construction by the Pennsylvania railroad of the cutoff from Glenloch, Pa., to Trenton, N. J., will shorten its line from New York to the west. Work on the new road is progressing rapidly. It will be forty-nine miles long, and will save ten miles over the present route by way of Philadelphia. The delay which going through a great city entails and the dangers from a network of tracks crowded with traffic will be avoided. The cost of the new line will be over $1,000,000, but it will pay for itself in the course of time in the increased facilities for handling the business of the Pennsylvania's main line.

### Rescued from a Well.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 18.—"I'm worth a dozen dead boys yet, ma; what's the use o' crying? I'm not hurt," said 14-year-old Willie Irwin, Jr., of Marysville, after being dug out of a dry well in which he had been buried four hours. Willie's father had lowered him into the well at 4 o'clock to bring up a bucket. The well had caved in just as the boy reached the top, and the father, with other men, had set about recovering the presumably crushed young body. Willie fell near to an old pump stock in the center of the well. That saved his life. At 8 o'clock, when dug out, he had only a sprained ankle and some bruises.

### A Rattlesnake Story.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Aug. 18.—E. B. Campbell, Jr., D. L. Deane and A. B. Carnett returned from a surveying expedition on the headwaters of Young Woman's creek. While making their way through the timber they suddenly found themselves in a den of rattlesnakes. Seizing clubs and stones, they pitched in, and in a short time killed twenty-one of the reptiles. Before they got out of the woods they killed eight more snakes. The largest measured five feet in length and the smallest three feet.

### Machinists May Strike.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 19.—The machinists employed in all departments of the Westinghouse company's air brake works presented a petition to the company today for nine hours' work for ten hours' pay. If the demands are not granted the men will strike within forty-eight hours. About 1,200 men will be affected. The machinists in the electrical department of the Westinghouse company are now on a strike and the movement is in sympathy with these machinists in that department.

### Warren Jackson's Fate.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 19.—Mrs. Warren Jackson, wife of the Philadelphia colored politician supposed to have been drowned here three weeks ago, arrived here and was shown the ring and cuff buttons taken from the body of the man. She examined them carefully and said that, while the jewelry is very similar to that worn by her husband, she does not think it is his. It is thought, however, that she may be mistaken, and the body will be exhumed.

### Slate in the Oil Fields.

STONY RUN, Pa., Aug. 18.—Much excitement has been caused by the striking of coal slate in the oil field near this place. The slate is the same as found in the anthracite coal fields. The prospects are now favorable for both coal and coal oil in the most northern township of Berks county.

### Pennsylvania Counties.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 19.—Census Supervisor Landis has announced the following census returns: Lancaster county, 149,479; Chester county, 89,320; York, 99,490, and Delaware county, 73,000.

## THE HISTORY OF A WEEK

### Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Cardinal Gibbons is visiting Brooklyn.

The state convention of the Missouri Farmers' and Laborers' State union convened at Sedalia.

Superintendent of Census Porter's latest estimate of the population of the United States is 64,000,000.

The comptroller of the currency has appointed George W. Stone, of Wilmington, Del., examiner of national banks in the district of Delaware.

Governor Francis, of Missouri, appointed twenty-nine delegates to represent the state in the national farmers' congress which meets at Council Bluffs, Ia., Aug. 25 to 30.

At Dayton, Wash., fire destroyed property to the value of $85,000; well insured. The buildings destroyed were mostly small wooden structures. The water supply was scarce.

### Thursday, Aug. 14.

Pitman Grove camp meeting closes today.

The Second brigade of New Jersey troops is at Sea Girt.

The funeral of John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston, was very largely attended.

President Harrison is expected to visit Cape May on Saturday for the last time prior to the family starting for Cresson.

Rutgers college has secured a legacy of of $10,000 by the will of P. Vanderbilt Spader, who in his lifetime gave the institution a valuable library of 6,000 rare books.

The pacing mare Nellie King, valued at $2,500, with a record of 2:30, belonging to Judge T. J. Terhune, dropped dead while she was being exercised at Lebanon, Ind.

Among the prominent people who arrived in New York from Europe were Mrs. Robert Lincoln and her two daughters, Joseph Chamberlain and wife, Sir Lyon and Lady Playfair and Fanny Davenport.

Joseph A. Sargent, aged 75, and his grandson, Leslie Sargent, aged 4, while crossing the Fitchburg Railroad company's tracks just east of Erving Station, Mass., were struck by the pay train and instantly killed.

### Friday, Aug. 15.

The Boston boot and shoe firm of John P. Foster & Co. made an assignment.

L. G. Hine, the Democratic commissioner of the District of Columbia, has resigned, owing to differences with his colleagues.

An explosion in the Kendall soap factory in Providence, R. I., scattered acid among seventy persons at work there. Ten were very badly burned.

Phil Rohan, a member of Rohan Bros. foundry works in St. Louis, and one of the best known Irishmen in that city, was hit on the head with a hammer by Chief Engineer Bruce, of the electric light plant. The injury is fatal.

The schooner Senator Saulsbury, which arrived at Gloucester, Mass., is the earliest arrival ever made at that port from the Iceland halibut fishing grounds. The winter was very fine. There was no destitution among the people.

The first convention of the Quarrymen's National union adjourned after a three days' session at Quincy, Mass. A national constitution was adopted. The next convention will be held at Concord, N. H., on the first Wednesday in August, 1892. There are about 40,000 quarrymen in the United States, and it is intended to embrace them all in the national union before the convention of 1892.

### Saturday, Aug. 16.

The queen will prorogue parliament on Monday next.

The revised census of St. Louis shows a population of 460,229.

Attorney General Miller and family are at Asbury Park, N. J.

The population of Saginaw, Mich., is given by the census bureau at 46,159.

The Nebraske state Democratic convention nominated James E. Boyd, of Omaha, for governor.

A cloudburst at Colorado Springs, Colo., killed two persons and inflicted damage to the amount of $250,000.

The ship Francis has arrived at Tacoma, Wash., from Yokohama, Japan, with 983,858 pounds of tea consigned to eastern cities.

Ex-President Cleveland, when he finishes his fishing at Buzzard's bay, proposes spending a couple of weeks, at least, in the Adirondacks.

Dr. Charles Steele Thomson, the oldest living graduate of the Yale Medical college, died in Hartford last night at the residence of his son-in-law, Postmaster Kinney. He was 90 years old.

The superintendent of the census has appointed and commissioned special agents to collect statistics of manufactures as follows: O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield, Me.; Byon F. Ackerly, Carbondale and Scranton, Pa.

The editor of The News, of Azsus, Cal., was taken out by armed men and tarred and feathered for publishing an article reflecting on the conduct of C. E. Frasier, while teacher of the Azsus grammar school.

### Monday, Aug. 18.

Eleven Chinamen arrived in Montreal in bond, bound for Boston.

The striking switchmen on the Wabash road in Chicago resumed work.

The Switchmen's union called out all the New York Central switchmen in Buffalo.

The Massachusetts Democratic state convention is to be held at Worcester on Sept. 18.

In a collision on the Alton road near Alton, Ills., three men were killed and about twenty seriously injured.

The machine paper mill of the Patten Paper company at Appleton, Wis., was burned. Loss $150,000.

Alfred Smith, of Newark, N. J., became insane from overstudy and shot himself. The wound will probably prove fatal.

Kansas City veterans, returning from the Boston encampment, were royally entertained by the Veteran Zouaves, of Elizabeth, N. J.

It is thought that hostilities have been resumed in Central America, with the possibility of drawing the five republics into the struggle.

President Bogran, of Honduras, has informed provisional President Ezeta, of Salvador, that he will remain on the side of Guatemala.

Dr. J. H. McHenry, one of the most prominent physicians in central Arkansas, was fatally stabbed during a dispute with a telegraph operator about a hog, at Jacksonville, Ark.

### Tuesday, Aug. 19.

Prince Bismarck has received the freedom of Duisberg.

The Jefferson Iron works at Steubenville, O., were destroyed by fire.

George Shaw and John Davis were killed by lightning at Senecaville, O.

Frank Hickey, formerly a street car driver, committed suicide in Boston because he could not find work.

Henry Hutchinham, while crossing the Erie tracks in Buffalo, was struck by a passing train and instantly killed.

Davis Dalton, an American, swam in the English channel from Gisneg to Folkestone on his back in 23½ hours.

William Smith, residing in Griffintown, Que., threw his wife down stairs and killed her. He has been arrested.

Eleven houses and stores at Winona, Ills., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000. Thomas McGrath was the heaviest sufferer.

Fire destroyed a large apartment house in New York. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Stone were rescued through a third story window by the firemen.

Samuel Jacobson, a prominent San Francisco business man, was shot and fatally wounded by two footpads while about to enter his house.

The Atlantic Baseball association managers have decided to play the games of the present schedule up till Sept. 1, when a new schedule will go into operation.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended Aug. 16 was $625,468. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $488,734.

The men belonging to the Southampton Dock Laborers' union threaten to strike unless they are given an advance in their wages to 6d. per hour for regular day work and to 8d. per hour for overtime.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WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

# PINKERTONS MOBBED

## They Fire Without Provocation Upon Citizens of Albany

### AND NARROWLY ESCAPE LYNCHING

**A Pinkerton Man Fires Into an Inoffensive Crowd and Wounds a Boy—The Police Rescue Him from the Halter—Another Boy and a Woman Shot—Fifteen Pinkertons and Five Citizens Wounded.**

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The most disastrous day in the history of the New York Central railroad strike closed last night. Fifteen Pinkerton men are under the care of surgeons and five citizens are so badly wounded that there are fears for their recovery. Three Pinkerton men were arrested, and one was so severely handled by the mob that the police surgeon had to dress his wounds.

The trouble was at the Van Woert street crossing, a few blocks west of the passenger depot and where the freight trains run on to the bridge.

**A Wanton Shot.**

Early Sunday morning crowds began to gather and by noon there was a huge crowd. Everything was quiet until at 1:10 o'clock a freight train came down from West Albany. On the top of each car were two Pinkerton men armed with repeating rifles, and as the cars passed by they flourished them.

Suddenly, and without provocation, one of the men fired and Richard Dwyer, a boy of 12 years, fell, shot in the thigh. The excitement was intense and a rush was made for the train, and so successful was it that James Hatton, who fired the shot, was caught. The police charged the mob and rescued him just as they had him up against a tree ready to hang him. He was badly battered up when locked up. A few minutes after John Houck, a lumber handler, aged 22, was arrested for stoning a train.

**The Crowd Infuriated.**

At 3 o'clock a freight train bound west came over the bridge guarded by Pinkerton men. When it reached the city several of the Pinkerton men, without provocation, opened fire. Mrs. Thomas F. Hogan was shot through the leg and arm, and a boy was shot in the thigh.

The crowd by this time was wrought up to a fearful pitch of excitement, and only by the efficiency of the local police, aided by committees from the strikers, were they kept back.

At 4 o'clock, when the excitement began to cool down, another freight train went through and the Pinkerton men again fired

**An Officer Mobbed by Pinkertons.**

Officer Dunn jumped on the train and tried to find the man, but was unsuccessful. He was carried back to East Albany on another train and there was assaulted by the Pinkerton men, although he was in full uniform. All the police of the city are massed at this point and more trouble is expected.

Robert Pinkerton asked for the release of Thomas Burke, who was arrested under arms, but Chief Willard refused, saying that the men were inciting the people to violence. Mr. Pinkerton said that it was simply a matter of protecting the new brakemen and was necessary.

Five Pinkerton men arrested Saturday night were arraigned in police court Sunday morning and four were admitted to bail for further examination, ex-State Senator Russell and Depot Master Foster going on their bonds. One man was released. The only freight moved was composed of refrigerator and empty cars. The blockade at West Albany is almost as bad as on the first day of the strike.

**The Pinkerton Claims.**

The Pinkerton men claim that the crowd stoned them before they fired any shots. Their statement, however, is not borne out by such testimony as the police have been able to obtain as yet.

Capt. Sheridan, of the Third precinct, where the trouble occurred, said to the United Press reporter last night:

"It is true that a few women and childen threw stones at the men on the freight trains early in the afternoon, but I saw the Pinkertons fire at the groups of people on the street, who had nothing to do with it whatever, and without provocation. I told Mr. Pinkerton of this, but he simply said it was self defense."

**New York Central Trains.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—All the regular passenger trains on the New York Central are on schedule time. The incoming trains also come in without delay.

**Rock Island Strike Ended.**

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—The strike of the switchmen on the Rock Island railroad was brought to a temporary conclusion last night, the company, through General Superintendent Chamberlain and Yardmaster Corey, agreeing to reinstate Foreman Murphy and keep him at work pending an investigation of the charge that he reported for duty while drunk. The men immediately returned to work. The loss to the Rock Island on account of its temporary suspension of freight traffic will not be very heavy.

**A Kerosene Can Casualty.**

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 19.—Amanda Lamareaug, aged 16, was frightfully burned. She was pouring kerosene oil into a stove when the flames reached the can and caused an explosion. The girl's dress became ignited and her mother, in an endeavor to quench the flames, had her hands and face badly injured. Amanda, it is thought, will die.

**Tascott Found Once More.**

OGDEN, Utah, Aug. 19.—Rollo Jones, of Richfield, has arrived in Ephriam with a man whom he captured in Richfield and whom he thinks is Tascott. The prisoner answers the description of Tascott, even to the scars on both elbows and the right knee. He will be taken to Chicago and Jones will demand the reward of $50,000 offered for his arrest.

**A Case of Yellow Fever.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The marine hospital bureau is informed that there is a case of yellow fever on board the Spanish bark Castillo, via Pascagoula, now detained at the Chandeleur quarantine station, Miss.

**A Burns Monument.**

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 19.—The design of William Clark Noble, of Newport, has been accepted by the Burns Monument Committee. It represents the poet seated with books and papers around him.

## THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

**Preparations for the Pennsylvania State Convention.**

HARRISBURG, Aug. 19.—The outlook points to an unusually large Prohibition state convention, to-morrow and Thursday. The demand for half fare tickets is unprecedented in the history of the party, and as a result the political gathering will attract a big crowd to this city outside the delegates. All the counties in the state are expected to be represented, except Pike and Forest, in which the Prohibition sentiment has taken no foothold.

In Monroe the party has no organization because of its few members; but slight headway is being made in the county and it will doubtless be represented in the convention. In several counties the Prohibitionists are not sufficiently numerous to justify a regular organization, but they are supplied with leagues which will send representatives to Harrisburg.

The state conventions of the cold water political party are always large, owing to liberal latitude given counties in making up their list of delegates. But the forthcoming body is expected to eclipse all its predecessors in the number of its members, which will aggregate about 8,000.

The Prohibition party of Pennsylvania is claimed by its leaders to be in robust condition, notwithstanding the poor show it has made in previous campaigns. A county organization has been effected in nine-tenths of the counties of the state, and in them tickets have either been or will be nominated. This method has been recommended and adopted, not because there is hope of success anywhere, but for the reason that it serves to keep the Prohibitionists intact. All the county chairmen of the party are being supplied with campaign literature to assist them in steadying the wavering and increasing the number of soldiers in the cold water army.

## THE CLINGING IVY.

**Was James Wood Married or Hypnotized by Miss Ivy?**

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Aug. 16.—The case of Ivy J. Wood (or Quick) vs. James Emile Wood, which is set for the next term of court, here will bring out some of the most curious facts ever presented in the Chester county courts.

A woman of 35 claims to be the wife of a boy of 19, and brings suit for desertion. The boy denies any knowledge of any marriage, and the woman refuses to say where the ceremony took place. For four years the boy was under the care and tuition of the woman, and in that time, it is said, he was entirely under her control. His friends say it is a clear case of hypnotism.

It is expected that it will develop into a most sensational case. James Wood is already wealthy, and expects much more money when he comes of age. He will attempt to prove, it is said, that Ivy's desire to recover a part of his wealth is what induces her to bring this suit.

His lawyer, Thomas S. Butler, has, it is stated, several hundred letters written from Ivy to James, including little notes which will make interesting reading in court. All the parties concerned are highly connected.

## THE AGRICULTURAL CAMP.

**Governor Beaver Opens the Exhibition at Mt. Gretna, Pa.**

MT. GRETNA, Pa., Aug. 19.—The agricultural encampment here is now well under way. Governor Beaver made the opening address last night.

The exhibits that have already arrived cover over ten acres. Carloads of machinery are on sidings waiting to be unloaded. That portion of the park in which the exhibits are to be found is laid out in streets and avenues running at right angles. Each block of about 50 by 100 feet is covered with a substantial floor supported by pillars, and on this the machinery is placed. Each exhibitor is supplied with a stack of pamphlets and circulars that will keep the visitors well supplied with "interesting" reading.

Much work is being done just now in grading the parade ground adjoining Mt. Gretna park and making other preparations for future encampments. The state rifle range will be occupied for five days, beginning Sept. 15, with regimental teams of the National Guard. The brigade teams will be selected so as to include the twelve best shots from each brigade with three reserves.

**Pittsburg's Proposed Park.**

PITTSBURG, Aug. 16. — Hon. C. L. Magee is in receipt of a private cablegram from E. M. Bigelow, chief of the department of public works of Pittsburg, now in London, stating that his mission in London has been successful and that he has secured from Mrs. Schenley nineteen acres of ground adjoining the 400 acres recently donated to the city for a park by Mrs. Schenley. The nineteen acres front 3,900 feet on Forbes avenue and are to be used for the main entrance to the park ground. On this plot will also be erected the main buildings of the Carnegie free library and art buildings, which Mr. Carnegie proposes to build and endow to the extent of $5,000,000. The plot of ground has a market value of over $200,000.

**Fire Frightens Harrisburg.**

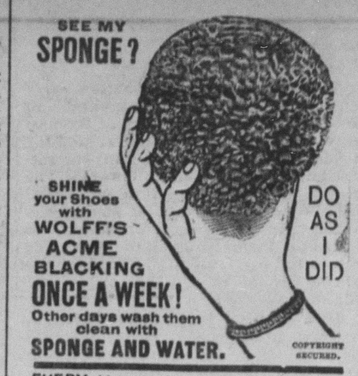
HARRISBURG, Aug. 18.—A big fire occurred at Seventh and Forster streets and threatened for a short time to wipe out that section of the city. The fire originated in Mosser's lumber yard and was undoubtedly of incendiary origin. The fire raged fiercely, and as all the adjoining property for two squares was either lumber or coal yards, the firemen were obliged to fight hard to prevent a spread of the flames. By mighty efforts the fire was principally confined to the lumber yards. The loss will amount to nearly $4,000.

**The Hartranft Reunion.**

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—The third annual reunion of the Hartranft family will be held at Mentz's grove, Dewart, Northumberland county, Pa., on Wednesday next. Historical addresses will be delivered by Rev. Dr. C. D. Hartranft, of Hartford, Conn., and Rev. H. C. Moyer, of Moravia, N.Y. Ex-Common Councilman Frank A. Hartranft is president of the association and will make the opening address. The programme promises a rare entertainment.

**A Disastrous Fire.**

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 19.—The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company's central breaker was burned last evening; loss, $100,000. About 500 men and boys are thrown out of employment. The men and mules in the mine at the time the fire began were rescued by means of the air shaft and slope.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READY MADE CLOTHING
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—o——o——o—
Our new stock of goods for the coming seasons has arrived and are open for inspection. It comprises a great variety of novelties in
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in Dress Goods, Ginghams, etc., all selected with great precision to supply the wants and needs of our customers in quality and lowness of price. A full and complete stock of Clothing, Hats, Shirts, Underwear, etc., is on counters. We invite inspection of our stock, and we are positive that you be satisfied then of the low prices we sell our goods at.
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 152 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.
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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jas. B. Winkleman, dec'd, of Walker twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. PETER NEESE, Adm'r
2961 Spring Mills, Pa.

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GEORGE M. POTTER,
22 Agent for Centre County.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL Estate.—The undersigned, executor of estate of John Goodhart, late of Gregg Township, dec'd., offers at private sale the following described real estate, situated about 2 miles west of Spring Mills, Pa., a
o——o FINE FARM o——o
Bounded by lands of Wood's Heirs, John Grove, James D. Wilson's Heirs, Mrs. M. A. Ross, Michael Tibbens, and others, containing
—— 82 ACRES AND 62 PERCHES. ——
Thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Buggy Shed, and all necessary outbuildings all of which are in good repair. There is a good young orchard of the choicest fruit on this farm. A good cistern at the house, and also a cistern at the barn. 75 acres of the above farm are cleared and enclosed with good fences, and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Hemlock. Persons desiring to purchase will find this farm beautifully located, being near the L. & T. R. R., near churches, post office, grist mill, stores, etc. Climate healthy.
For terms apply to
WILLIAM GOODHART,
2064 Executor, Farmers Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Elizabeth Snyder, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES A. OTT,
2164 Executor.


PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia, and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890.

WESTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Philadelphia | | 11 25 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 3 30 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 5 36 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 7 10 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | 7 25 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 7 58 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | 8 55 a m |
| | arr at | Erie | 4 05 p m |

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| NEWS EXPRESS leaves | New York | | 12 15 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 8 10 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 10 12 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 11 10 a m |
| " | arr at | Lock Haven | 12 05 p m |

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| NIAGARA EXP. leaves | New York | | 6 20 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 8 50 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 12 15a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 2 03 a m |
| " | arr at | Williamsport | 3 05 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 4 15 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | 5 15 p m |
| " | " | Kane | 9 25 p m |
| FAST LINE leaves | Philadelphia | | 11 40 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 3 45 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | 5 54 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 7 10 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 8 02 p m |
| " | arr at | Renovo | 9 00 p m |
| WMSPORT EXP | leaves | Philadelphia | 4 25 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 7 30 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | 9 34 p m |
| " | arrives at | Williamsport | 10 30 p m |

Sunday Train.—Williamsport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SEA SHORE EXP. | leaves | Lock Haven | 7 00 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | 7 25 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 8 15 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 9 17 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 11 30 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 3 15 p m |
| DAY EXPRESS | leaves | Kane | 6 25 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | 10 15 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 11 10 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 12 15 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | 1 14 p m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 3 13 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 6 50 p m |
| RENOVO AC'N | leaves | Renovo | 4 30 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 5 35 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 6 40 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | 7 42 p m |
| " | arrives at | Harrisburg | 9 45 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 4 25 a m |

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL | leaves | Erie | 3 00 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | 10 30 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 11 25 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 12 25 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 1 29 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 3 22 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 6 50 a m |

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SOUTHERN EXP | leaves | Williamsport | 1 30 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 2 30 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 10 20 a m |

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

| Westward. P M | A.M. | A.M. | STATIONS. | Eastward. A M | P.M. | P M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 0 | 10 15 | 5 50 | Montandon | 9 10 | 1 10 | 5 45 |
| 2 15 | 10 25 | 6 15 | Lewisburg | 9 00 | 1 00 | 5 25 |
| 2 26 | | 6 24 | Biehl | 8 51 | | 5 26 |
| 2 32 | | 6 30 | Vicksburg | 8 45 | | 5 20 |
| 2 43 | | 6 41 | Mifflinburg | 8 35 | | 5 08 |
| 2 58 | | 6 56 | Millmont | 8 22 | | 4 53 |
| 3 08 | | 7 05 | Laurelton | 8 13 | | 4 43 |
| 3 44 | | 7 40 | Paddy Mountain | 7 40 | | 4 08 |
| 3 55 | | 7 51 | Coburn | 7 27 | | 3 55 |
| 4 04 | | 7 59 | Zerby | 7 19 | | 3 45 |
| 4 13 | | 8 08 | Rising Spring | 7 10 | | 3 35 |
| 4 21 | | 8 16 | Penn Cave | 7 00 | | 3 27 |
| 4 28 | | 8 22 | Centre Hall | 6 52 | | 3 20 |
| 4 35 | | 8 30 | Gregg | 6 42 | | 3 13 |
| 4 43 | | 8 37 | Linden Hall | 6 36 | | 3 05 |
| 4 48 | | 8 42 | Oak Hall | 6 30 | | 3 00 |
| 4 52 | | 8 46 | Lemont | 6 25 | | 2 55 |
| 4 57 | | 8 51 | Dale Summit | 6 20 | | 2 50 |
| 5 06 | | 9 00 | Pleasant Gap | 6 10 | | 2 40 |
| 5 10 | | 9 04 | Axemann | 6 04 | | 2 34 |
| 5 15 | | 9 10 | Bellefonte | 6 00 | | 2 30 |

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.
CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.


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For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all *Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*
—o—
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—o—
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Rev. Victor L. Codrad, Ed. Luth. Observer, Phila
Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
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E. L. Wilson, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
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And thousands of others in every part of the United States.
—o—
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No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa
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# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Food in God's Gospel."

TEXT: *"And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."*—Joshua v., 12.

Only those who have had something to do with the commissariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they perish? No. The Lord comes from heaven to the rescue, and He touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become stormproof and timeproof, so that after forty years of wearing the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour or soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial fingers have mixed it and rolled it into balls, light, flaky and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King, and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to hungry Elijah, but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken the last bit of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out, and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fled, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Israelites took possession of everything. Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and recently planted, they have produced the same kind of corn with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same is the meaning.

The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary circumstances.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries there would first have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand. Then there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals. Then there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. It would have been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people started out from Egypt for Canaan and were never heard of—as thoroughly lost in the wilderness of sand as the City of Boston and the President were lost in the wilderness of waters. What use was it to them that there was plenty of corn in Canaan or plenty of corn in Egypt? What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass blade—in other words an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort, the ordinary direction, the ordinary counsel do not seem to meet your case. There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it.

Is it pain and physical distress through which you must go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Did He not suffer it in the most sensitive part of head and hand and foot? He has a mixture of comfort, one drop of which shall cure the worst paroxysm. It is the same grace that soothed Robert Hall when, after writhing on the carpet in physical tortures, he cried out, "O! I suffered terribly, but I didn't cry out while I was suffering, did I? Did I cry out?" There is no such nurse as Jesus—His hand the gentlest, His foot the lightest, His arm the strongest. For especial pang especial help.

Is it approaching sorrow? Is it long, shadowing bereavement that you know is coming, because the breath is short, and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Have you been calculating your capacity or incapacity to endure widowhood or childlessness or a disbanded home and cried: "I cannot endure it?" Oh, worried soul, you will wake up amidst all your troubles and find around about you the sweet consolation of the Gospel as thickly strewed as was the manna around about the Israelitish encampment! Especial solace for especial distress.

Or is it a trouble past, yet present? A silent nursery? A vacant chair opposite you at the table? A musing upon a broken family circle never again to be united? A choking sense of loneliness? A blot of grief so large that it extinguishes the light of sun, and puts out bloom of flower, and makes you reckless as to whether you live or die? Especial comfort that especial trial. Your appetite has failed for everything else. Oh, try a little of this wilderness manna: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not form thee."

Or is it the grief of a dissipated companion? There are those here who have it, so I am not speaking in the abstract, but to the point. You have not whispered it, perhaps, to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change soon it will be entirely destroyed. Your grief was well depicted by a woman, presiding at a woman's meeting in Ohio, when her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform, to her overwhelming mortification and the disturbance of the audience, and she pulled a protruding bottle from her husband's pocket and held it up before the audience and cried out: "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life blood of a drunkard's wife!" And then looking up to heaven she said: "How long, O Lord! how long!" and then looking down to the audience cried: "Do you wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And hundreds of voices responded: "Yes, yes, we will help you."

You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy to-day. You cannot even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any relief in such a case? Not such as is found in the rigmarole of comfort ordinarily given in such cases. But there is a relief that drops in manna from the throne of God. Oh, lift up your lacerated soul in prayer, and you will get omnipotent comfort! I do not know in what words the soothing influence may come, but I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. I give you two or three passages; try them on; take that which best fits your soul: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I know there are those who, when they try to comfort people, always bring the same stale sentiment about the usefulness of trial. Instead of bringing up a new plaster for a new wound, and fresh manna for fresh hunger, they rummage their haversack to find some crumb of old consolation, when from horizon to horizon the expanse is white with the new fallen manna of God's help not five minutes old!

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of falling manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained to their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onions. Now the fare is changed. Those people in that army under forty years of age had never seen a corn field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving and the billows of green flowing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry victors; and bread was prepared, and many things that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-day, the luxuriant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the odors of the ripe old corn of the gospel Canaan. "Oh!" you say, "the fare is too plain." Then I remember you will soon get tired of a fanciful diet. While I was in Paris I liked for a while the rare and exquisite cookery, but I soon wished I was home again, and had the plain food of my native land. So it is a fact that we soon weary of the syrups and the custards and the whipped foam of the fanciful religionists, and we cry: "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can quell the soul's hunger.

There are men here who hardly know what is the matter with them. They have tried to get together a fortune and larger account at the bank and to get investments yielding larger percentages. They are trying to satisfy their soul with a diet of mortgages and stocks. There are others here who have been trying to get famous, and have succeeded to a greater or less extent; and they have been trying to satisfy their soul with the chopped feed of magazines and newspapers. All those men are no more happy now than before they made the first thousand dollars; no more happy now than when for the first time they saw their names favorably mentioned. They cannot analyze or define their feelings; but I will tell them what is the matter—they are hungry for the old corn of the Gospel. That you must have, or be pinched and wan and wasted and hollow-eyed and shriveled up with an eternity of famine.

The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food; but they are, of all men, the most miserable. I have known many of them; but I never knew one of them who came within a thousand miles of being happy. The great John Stewart Mill provided for himself a new kind of porridge; but yet, when he comes to die, he acknowledges that his philosophy never gave him any comfort in days of bereavement, and in a roundabout way he admits that his life was a failure. So it is with all infidel scientists. They are trying to live on telescopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and they charge us with cant, not realizing that there is no such intolerable cant in all the world as this perpetual talk we are hearing about "positive philosophy," and "the absolute," and "the great to be," and "the everlasting no," and "the higher unity," and "the latent potentialities," and "the cathedral of the immensities." I have been translating what these men have been writing, and I have been translating what they have been doing, and I will tell you what it all means—It means that they want to kill God! And my only wonder is that God has not killed them. I have in other days tasted of their confections, and I come back and tell you to-day that there is no nutriment or life or health in anything but the bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel. What do I mean by that? I mean that Christ is the bread of life, and taking Him, you live and live for ever.

But, you say, corn is of but little practical use unless it is threshed and ground and baked. I answer: This Gospel corn has gone through that process. When on Calvary all the hoofs of human scorn came down on the heart of Christ, and all the flails of satanic fury beat Him long and fast, was not the corn threshed? When the mills of God's indignation against sin caught Christ between the upper and nether rollers was not the corn ground? When Jesus descended into hell, and the flames of the lost world wrapped Him all about, was not the corn baked? Oh, yes! Christ is ready; His pardon all ready; His peace all ready; everything ready in Christ. Are you ready for Him?

You say: "That is such a simple Gospel." I know it is. You say you thought religion was a strange mixture of elaborate compounds. No; it is so plain that any apocalarian may understand it. In its simplicity is its power. If you could this morning realize that Christ died to save from sin and death and hell not only your minister, and your neighbor, and your father, and your child, but you, it would make this hour like the judgment day for agitations, and, no longer able to keep your seat, you would leap up crying: "For me! for me!" God grant that you, my brother, may see this Gospel with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears, and feel with your own heart that you are a lost soul, but that Christ comes for your extrication. Can you not take that truth and digest it, and make it a part of your immortal life? It is only bread.

You have noticed that invalids cannot take all kinds of food. The food that will do for one will not do for another. There are kinds of food which will produce, in cases of invalidism, very speedy death. But you have noticed that all persons, however weak they may be, can take bread. Oh, soul sick with sin, invalid in your transgressions, I think this Gospel will agree with you! I think if you cannot take anything else you can take this. Lost—found! Sunken—raised? Condemned—pardoned! Cast out—invited in! That is the old corn of the Gospel.

You have often seen a wheel with spokes of different colors, and when the wheel was rapidly turned all the colors blended into a rainbow of exquisite beauty. I wish I could to-day, take the peace, and the life, and the joy and glory of Christ, and turn them before your soul with such speed and such strength that you would be enchanted with the revolving splendors of that name which is above every name—the name written once with tears of exile and in blood of martyrdom, but written now in burnished crown, and lifted sceptre, and transangelic throne.

There is another characteristic about bread, and that is, you never get tired of it. There are people here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did when, in boyhood, their mother cut a slice of it clear around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread, and that is a characteristic of the Gospel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take His name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion table where we celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to Him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say, "Go away, Jesus I want another companion, another friend, than Thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say: "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus! The Burgundy rose you pluck from the garden is not so fresh and fair and beautiful. Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning and the voices of the mountain runnel, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your own children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that is never obliterated.

Do not talk to me about a man being doubtful about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread, and I know it the moment I see it. I had a cornfield which I cultured with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer: "Is this corn?" I did not hunt up the *Agriculturist* to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a cornfield and I know all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaan and looked off upon the fields the cry was: "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted of this heavenly bread he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the gospel Canaan from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this Gospel corn. It is the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. I set the gladness of your soul to the tunes of "Ariel" and "Antioch." I ring the wedding bells, for Christ and your soul are married, and there is no power on earth or in hell to get out letters of divorcement.

But alas for the famine struck! Enough corn, yet it seems you have no sickle to cut it, no mill to grind it, no fire to bake it, no appetite to eat it. Starving to death when the plain is golden with a magnificent harvest!

I rode some thirteen miles to see the Alexander, a large steamship that was beached near Southampton, L. I. It was a splendid vessel. I walked up and down the decks and in the cabins I said: "What a pity that this vessel should go to pieces, or be lying here idle." The coast wreckers had spent $30,000 trying to get her off, and they succeeded once; but she came back again to the old place. While I was walking on deck every part of the vessel trembled with the beating of the surf on one side. Since then I heard that that vessel, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was sold for $3500, and knocked to pieces. They had given up the idea of getting her to sell again. How suggestive all that is to me! There are those here who are aground in religious things. Once you started for heaven, but you are now aground. Several times it was thought you had started again heavenward, but you soon got back to the old place, and there is not much prospect you will ever reach the harbor of the blessed. God's wreckers, I fear, will pronounce you a hopeless case. Beached for eternity! And then it will be written in heaven concerning some one of your size, and complexion, and age, and name, that he was invited to be saved, but refused the offer, and starved to death within sight of the fields and granaries full of the old corn of Canaan.

### Edison's Discovery of the Phonograph.

"Edison was a very cool man. When experimenting on the telephone the vibratory movements of the diaphragm suggested that their possible reproduction might be retained. With this characteristic determination to investigate all phenomena that presented themselves, he hit upon the principle of recording the vibrations. The result was a very crude phonograph with its tin foil cylinder. It was made at Menlo Park, and, being put to a practical test, its possibilities were exploited by all of us and our impatience became painful. Edison prepared for the first test and dictated 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' into a large paper funnel. Krenzi, a confidential friend of the inventor, stood by and ventured that the verse would not be repeated by the machine. Edison turned the machine in the opposite direction and said calmly to Krenzi 'I'll bet you $7 that it will talk back.'

"There was silence for an instant and then came the words back through the funnel: 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'

"Krenzi jumped all over the room in his excitement, while Edison simply twisted his head and said, with a quiet smile: 'Krenzi, I have won the $7.' "—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Carbonic Acid Gas Gun.

M. Gerrard, a French inventor, has produced a gun which shoots, not by the aid of villainous saltpetre, but by condensed carbonic acid gas. You pull a trigger, one drop of the condensed gas enters the chamber of the gun. It is instantly reconverted into gas, and the pressure drives out the bullet with a velocity continually accelerated until it leaves the muzzle. Mr. Gerrard claims that you can fire without stopping to reload, 300 bullets, one after the other, with the carbonic acid condensed in a small cylinder, twelve inches long. There is no flash, no report, no smoke, no recoil, and no heat. Invisible death can be rained out upon the enemy at 1200 yards' range, without any sign being afforded him of the position from whence the bullets come. The gas necessary to propel the 300 bullets costs one penny. It is perfectly safe against accidental explosion, and is proof against fire and water. If the experiments justify the claims of the inventor, gun powder will join the bow string and the catapult.—*Picayune.*

### Millionaires of Ancient Times.

The sacred writings tell us that Solomon was immensely rich; that silver was abundant in Jerusalem; and that in one year the King received from Hiram 300 talents of gold, equal to $16,250,000. It is known that in Assyria there were large masses of gold, and that Darius received in tribute from Persia as much as $16,250,000. In Greece, the wealth of Croesus was estimated at $15,000,000, and that of Pytheus at as large a sum. At Rome, Tiberius, it is said, left a legacy of $110,000,000, and Augustus obtained by testamentary dispositions as much as $160,000,000.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

### Eat Dark Meat on Hot Days.

Dark meat of cold roast chicken is the coolest lunch on a hot day, says a New York epicure, and gravely adds a word of commendation for the drum-sticks, in order to quoth the comment of an irate restaurant cook who had just received an order for three chicken legs: "I can't help that," snapped the cook. "I can't cut more than two legs off one chicken. Ask them do they want the earth? Do they think fowls is centipedes?"—*Chicago Herald.*

### Using Pawpaw Leaves for Soap.

The leaves of the pawpaw tree are employed by the colored people in washing linen as a substitute for soap. They have also the property of rendering meat wrapped in them tender, owing to the alkaloid papain which they contain and which acts as a solvent.

Nearly one thousand heads of families in the Province of Quebec alone have made application for the state bounty of 100 acres of land voted to Canadians who are the fathers of twelve children or more.

## MARTYRDOM.

The tales of the early professors of our Christian faith have awakened, and still have power to awaken the keenest pity, the deepest reverence, and the tenderest affection among the enlightened numbers of their followers. The name *martyr* is reserved in ecclesiastical history to these fearless souls, who rather than abandon their faith, endured the torments of all the damnable means and methods of punishment rife among the rulers of a barbarous empire during the first three centuries.

In the Roman Empire the Christian community were at all times regarded with suspicion and dislike. The constitution of Rome was directly and immeasurably intolerant of all new religions which were aggressive against the established state religion. This the Christian faith *was* most undoubtedly. The weak and scattered numbers of the Christian followers made it necessary to form private associations, to meet in secret, and at various times and places. This in itself was great cause for the unremitting persecutions of the Christians.

The Ten Persecutions of the Christian Church is a name well known in ecclesiastical history, and meant to designate the periods when the early martyrs were treated with more than usual severity, either by new enactments or the enforcement of existing ones with severe rigor. The number of those requiring special distinction in the history of Christianity differs with various historians. Ten seems to have originated from a mystic allusion to the ten horns of the beast in the Apocalypse. If the count be taken up strictly, it must fall below ten, if loosely it will greatly exceed it.

The ten persecutions commonly referred to are those which occurred under Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Septimuis Severus, Maximinus, Decius, Valerianus and Diocletian. The extent, duration and probable number of victims of these persecutions has been the subject of much controversy and discussion. Exaggeration was only too plain on both sides, but the most recent confirmation is on the side of the smaller number of victims. Certain it is, however, that the number who perished in each of these ten persecutions was very large and spread in most cases over a considerable extent of the Roman Empire. The most violent as well as the most widely-spread were those under Nero, Trajan, Maximinus, Decius and Diocletian. The last was however, far more attributable to the emperor's colleague, Galerius. It was *cruel* in the extreme and extended over a period of ten years, down to the victory of Constantine over Maxentius.

The harrowing details of the inflictions the Christian martyrs were forced to bear are recorded by many and many a historian, and with little wonder.

One of the commonest and perhaps most dreadful torture they were subjected to was that of being torn to pieces by wild beasts in a public arena. The animals were kept confined without food to the point of starvation; the *'humans'* were closely kept with brutal treatment in dungeons 'dark and drear' until the day of doom.

One of the most pitiful tales of martyrdom after this fashion is that of Perpetua and Felicitas—two women who perished in a public arena in company with a small body of Christian brothers. One of these women was young, delicately nursed, accustomed to the strictest honor, the other was enduring the pangs of maternity. On the day of martyrdom they were assembled in the arena with the rest of their company for the sacrifice to their noble faith in a pure religion. The youths were exposed to the fury of hungry, savage beasts, and torn and eaten before the populace. Perpetua and Felicitas were disrobed and enclosed in nets, and thus tossed upon the horns of ferocious animals until the spectators pleaded for mercy to be shown the sufferers. In vain. They were again robed, led forth and exhibited and after further inhuman parley, put to death by gladiators. It was considered a grand thing to die a martyr. Augustine says of these two: 'Amongst all the names of martyrs shine out those of Perpetua and Felicitas; the two holy handmaids of the Lord.

Among other stories is one of a beautiful girl living in the service of an intemperate and licentious master. *Potamiæna*, for such was she called, infuriated him by a resistance to his wicked desires and he sought to punish her. It gives one a faint, idea, of what it was to be a Beleiver in those days, when the cruellest punishment he could conceive was to hand the girl into custody as a Christian. She, and her mother with her, were sentenced to be plunged naked into a cauldron of boiling pitch. But nothing could intimidate *Potamiæna* and judge and accuser felt they had gained no victory even when the dread sentence was executed to the letter. The cries and insults of the mob were terrible to witness as the prisoners were led through the streets. A young guard, *Basilides* by desperate effort kept them from *Potamiæna* and so won her prayers. She is said to have appeared to him afterwards in a dream and placing a crown on his head, warned him that his martyrdom was at hand. He became a Christian and stood his trial as bravely as the rest.

All have heard of *Ignatius* the Greek who was arraigned before Trajan at Antioch and sentenced to be carried in chains to Rome, there to suffer more acutely in the eyes of *all*. The indignities suffered on the journey seemed but to make the hero stronger for the last ordeal.

Is it any wonder, after all these early martyrs suffered that they should be elevated on the throne of Christian heroism? How could such courage and constancy fail to win the highest admiration from Christian brethren! It was held a special privilege to receive a martyr's benediction, to kiss his chains, to visit him in prison, or to listen to his words. It was also believed that the deep faith and heroism of the few would compensate for the laxity of the many.

The day of martyrdom, that on which the martyrs entered into eternal life was known as the natal or birth-day. All the possessions of the saint were collected and carefully deposited on some altar for worship. Anything the martyr touched, saw, or came in contact with, ever so slightly, was gifted with a power divine, and as such placed among the RELICS. The tombs of the martyrs were visited for the purpose of asking their intercession years and years after their death.

The chief signs of their resting-places in the Roman catacombs were believed to be the letters B. M., the figure of a palm tree, and a phial containing red liquor purported to be blood. The last sign is commonly regarded as the conclusive one of martyrdom. The first recorded martyr of Christianity, called the 'proto-martyr' was the deacon Stephen, whose death we find recorded in Acts VI and VII. The proto-martyr of Britain, Alban of Verulam, suffered under Diocletian during that terrible ten years' struggle.

When we reflect on what Christianity has done for us, the story of its upward growth seems dark indeed. But, the days of individual despotism, the insatiable appetites of men for scenes of human suffering that never have had, and never can have their equal in our day, are destroyed. The ever-brightening light of growing civilization tears the veil from past history, and with the veil depart the horrors. Yet we are never likely to forget, that *to* the noble heroism and tenacious uprightness the Christian martyrs, we owe the blessedness of our own Christian faith—a faith that has civilized and humanized the world. L. A. N.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1890.

Prevailing Prayer.

### LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 18: 1-14. Memory verses: 13-14.)

### LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7: 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Emphasizing the Right Spirit in Prayer.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Persistency Conquers, vs. 1-8.
2. Pride Boasts Itself, vs. 9-12.
3. Humility Triumphs, vs. vs. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT: *He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*—Luke 18:17.

DAILY HOME READINGS:
- M.—Luke 18: 1-14. Prevailing prayer.
- T.—Jas. 1: 1-8. The right spirit in prayer.
- W.—Luke 11: 1-13. Persistency conquers.
- T.—John 9: 13-34. Pride boasts itself.
- F.—Luke 1: 46-55. Humility triumphs.
- S.—Psa. 51: 1-19. Humble praying.
- S.—Acts 4: 23-37. Effective praying.

### LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. PERSISTENCY CONQUERS.

I. Persistent Praying Enforced:
They ought always to pray, and not to faint (1).
Continuing steadfastly in prayer (Rom. 12: 12).
Praying at all seasons in the Spirit (Eph. 6: 18).
Continue steadfastly in prayer (Col. 4: 2).
Pray without ceasing (1 Thess. 5: 17).

II. Persistent Praying Illustrated:
Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her (5).
Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak....this once (Gen. 18: 32).
I will not let thee go, except thou bless me (Gen. 32: 26).
He continued all night in prayer to God (Luke 6: 12).
Because of his importunity he will....give him (Luke 11: 8).

III. Persistent Praying Rewarded:
I say unto you, that he will avenge them speedily (8).
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him (Psa. 91: 15).
Ye shall....find me, when ye shall search....with all your heart (Jer. 29: 13).
Seek, and ye shall find (Matt. 7: 7).
He that seeketh findeth (Luke 11: 10).

1. "They ought always to pray, and not to faint." (1) The Teacher; (2) The pupils; (3) The lesson.—(1) A positive duty; (2) A negative duty.
2. "He would not for a while." (1) Regardless of her plea; (2) Regardless of his duty; (3) Regardful of his ease.
3. "Shall not God avenge his elect?" (1) Responsive to his love; (2) According to his word; (3) Regardful of his people.

II. PRIDE BOASTS ITSELF.

I. Trusts in Self:
Certain which trusted in themselves (9).
Cursed is the man that trusteth in man (Jer. 17: 5).
Ye are they that justify yourselves (Luke 16: 15).
Confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind (Rom. 2: 19).
We should not trust in ourselves, but in God (2 Cor. 1: 9).

II. Despises Others:
God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men (11).
Stand by thyself,....for I am holier than thou (Isa. 65: 5).
See that ye despise not one of these little ones, Matt. 18: 10).
Ye have dishonored the poor man (Jas. 2: 6).

III. Boasts before God:
I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get (12).
The wicked boasteth of his heart's desire (Psa. 10: 3).
Hateful to God, insolent, haughty, boastful (Rom. 1: 30).
Not of works, that no man should glory (Eph. 2: 9).
Now ye glory in your vauntings: all such....is evil (Jas. 4: 16).

1. "Trusted in themselves that they were righteous." (1) Exalting self; (2) Belittling righteousness; (3) Ignoring Christ.
2. "God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men." (1) Familiarity with God; (2) Contempt for mankind; (3) Complacency for self.
3. "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get." (1) Spiritual pride; (2) Self-praise; (3) Overestimated service.

III. HUMILITY TRIUMPHS.

I. An Humble Posture:
The publican, standing afar off,.... smote his breast (13).
Worship ye afar off (Exod. 24: 1).
Moses....bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped (Exod. 34: 8).
He went forward a little, and fell on the ground (Mark 14: 35).
I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel (Rev. 22: 8).

II. A Penitential Plea:
God, be merciful to me a sinner (13).
Have mercy upon me, O God (Psa. 51: 1).
God be merciful unto us, and bless us Psa. 67: 1).
Have mercy on us, thou son of David (Matt. 9: 27).
Father Abraham, have mercy on me (Luke 16: 24).

III. A Complete Justification:
This man went down to his house justified (14).
He, desiring to justify himself, said (Luke 10: 29).
Every one that believeth is justified from all things (Acts 13: 39).
By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified (Rom. 3: 20).
Whom he justified, them he also glorified (Rom. 8: 30).

1. "Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven." The penitent publican: (1) His position; (2) His posture; (3) His plea; (4) His power.
2. "God, be merciful to me a sinner." (1) A sinner's petition; (2) A sinner's Helper; (3) A sinner's hope.
3. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (1) Humbled before God; (2) Exalted by God,—(1) The lowly penitent; (2) The Divine Helper; (3) The gracious exaltation.

### LESSON BIBLE READING.

REQUISITES IN PRAYER.

Help of the Holy Spirit (Eph. 6: 18; Jude 20).
Faith (Matt. 21: 22; Jas. 1: 6).
Prepared hearts (Psa. 78: 8; Heb. 10: 22).
Understanding minds (John 4: 22-24; 1 Cor. 14: 15).
Submissiveness (Luke 22: 42; John 5: 30).
Forgiving spirit (Matt. 6: 12, 14, 15).
Sincerity (Psa. 17: 1; 66; 18).
Humility (2 Chron. 7: 14; 33: 12, 13, Luke 18: 14).
Strong desire (Psa. 55: 1, 2; 102: 2; Heb. 5: 7).
Boldness (Eph, 3: 12; Heb. 4: 16).
Earnestness (1 Thess. 3: 10; Jas. 5: 16-18).
Importunity (Gen. 32: 26; Luke 11: 8, 9).

### LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—If the last lesson belongs earlier in the history than those verses which precede it and succeed it, Luke 17: 20 should be connected directly with verse 10. The events recorded as intervening between this lesson and the last are: a conversation with the Pharisees in regard to the coming of the kingdom of God (Luke 17: 20, 21), and a discourse on the same topic to the disciples (Luke 17: 22-37), including sayings introduced in the discourse on the Mount of Olives (Matt. 24, and parallel passages).

PLACE.—Either in Perea, or in the valley of the Jordan, on the way from Ephraim to Jerusalem, though this journey may have been through Perea.

TIME.—According to Robinson, in March, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30. Andrews places it about the same time, but thinks there may have been a brief interval between verses 8 and 9. According to Archbishop Thomson, however, it should be placed before the feast of dedication; that is, in the December of the previous year.

PERSONS.—The first parable was spoken to the disciples; the second, to others of a self-righteous character. In the first parable, an unrighteous judge and a poor widow; in the second, a Pharisee and a publican.

INCIDENTS.—The occasion of the first parable; the character of the judge; the importunity of the widow; the meditation of the judge; the lesson drawn by our Lord; the final question respecting faith on the earth. The occasion of second parable; the characters; the proud attitude and petition of the Pharisee; the humble attitude and petition of the publican; the verdict of our Lord respecting them.

There is no parallel passage.

### THE END.

[The doctor told the poet that he could not possibly live twenty-four hours.]

A few brief hours and I shall lie
Beneath you calm and peaceful sky,
Whose breast is bright with notes and bars,
And laughing music of the stars—
Whose bosom, spread from pole to pole,
In silence shall my grave console.

With straightened limbs my bones shall rest,
My head against my coffin pressed;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
My humble dust shall pass away.

This hand that writes shall then be cold,
And shrunk and eaten with the mold
Of time, and death, and dark decay,
'Till joint by joint returns to clay.

The dread, the fear, the torment sore,
Shall rend my heartstrings nevermore,
Nor human wilds nor worldly strife,
To barely win the bread of life,
Shall ne'er, within my narrow bed,
Disturb or wake my wearied head.

A thousand years shall pass me by,
Without a change in land or sky;
Nor winter's snow nor summer's heat
Shall e'er disturb my winding sheet.

At evening's close I'll meet no more
The smile that waits me at the door;
The hills and dales and brooks shall be
A mute forevermore to me.

No morn shall wake me at its dawn,
No more, on mead or field or lawn,
When landscapes smile beneath the sun,
Shall romping children to me run.

O happy day these eyes shall close
To life's contentions and its woes,
And all the miseries that ban
The mystic course of fool'sh man!

My span of life, my humble lot,
Like friendship's vows will be forgot;
And all the world will live the same
As if I never had a name.

—Hugh F. Macdermott, in [illegible]

# TALES FROM KANSAS.

## CROPS OF LARGE PROPORTIONS LOAD THE RICH SOIL.

### Wheat Stacked in the Roads---Corn Has to be Cut From Balloons.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that State. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city on Saturday was Charley Barrett, the good-looking and talkative travelling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent four or five days in Southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops, when he was flagged by a Times man on Main street,

"Wheat!" he exclaimed. "You never saw the like! The farmers down in Southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one—"

"How is the fruit crop?"

"Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that—"

"Don't the trees break down?"

"Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet—"

"How is the broom-corn crop?"

"Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day in Southern Kansas for a month. Can't cloud up. The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor. They will have to cut the corn down if it gets too dry. Some of the broom corn stalks are so high that—"

"How is the corn crop?"

"Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use step ladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't step ladders pretty expensive?"

"Expensive? Well, I should say so, but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is that the children climb up into the cornstalks to hunt for eagle's nests and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them; that is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man at Arkansas City has invented a machine which he calls 'the solar corn harvester and child protector.' It is inflated with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops, and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry saber. Every Kansas farmer has a cavalry saber, and—"

"Do they make much cider in Kansas?"

"Cider! You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley County have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days since to the water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one farmer who—"

"How is the potato crop?"

"Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that—"

"The people must be happy over their big crops?"

"Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas Valley who were too poor to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three times a day. One fellow that—"

But the reporter, just at this point, had a pressing engagement elsewhere. —Kansas City Times.

### A Millionaire's Floating Palace.

A strange looking craft appeared off the ocean front a day or two ago, being pulled along at a slow pace by a tugboat. The fog was so dense that not even the many seafaring people around could make out what it was. Some suggested that it might be Noah's ark, sent here by the Almighty in anticipation of a flood; others said it was the floating palace from Coney Island, and others even made the foolish remark that it was one of the houses carried away by the Johnstown flood. It finally reached the bar buoy and was brought into the inlet on the flood tide, when its true character was disclosed to the curious throng in waiting. It is a magnificently appointed floating boathouse, on the lower floor of which is resting a very handsome steam-launch, which can be run out at pleasure. The name of this floating palace is the Falcon, and it is owned by Mr. Alexander MacGaw, a prominent and wealthy bridge-builder of Philadelphia. It was brought here from New London, Conn., and left Sandy Hook last Saturday in tow of the tugboat Alert, Capt. Scott, who reports having had a very rough passage. She is now lying opposite Pium's Pavilion wharf, and will remain in these waters for several weeks. Mr. MacGaw's two sons accompany him on board the Falcon and are ever ready to inform the curious as to the "why and wherefore" of their craft.—Ex.

Some men pay their debts only with the intention of deceiving their creditors into trusting them for larger ones

### Spitting Diamonds.

Hatton Garden (the great diamond district of London) had quite an unpleasant experience last year. All the dealers lost a great number of stones, and they couldn't understand how leakage occurred until about Christmas. After sorting and sizing up they would put the stones in the usual parcels with the weight marked. When they sold the parcels they would find that the weight had decreased and that one or two of the stones had vanished. Many small dealers, who never let the stuff go out of their sight and who had no assistants, suffered as well as the others, and for months it remained a mystery of the deepest kind. Everybody was afraid of everybody else; some quit coming to the diamond exchange, but whether they came or not their losses went on just the same. At last almost by accident the mystery was solved, and the solution was simple enough.

There was a small dealer who lived in Clerkenwell. He wore glasses and professed to be very short sighted. This gentleman bought sparingly last year, but he did a tremendous amount of going around and examining. An employee of a large Hatton Garden firm became suspicious of this small dealer and had a talk with his employers. The next time the eyeglasses came in, before the safe was opened and anything handed out, two men were posted where they could watch every movement of the visitor. He opened a paper of stones (about 1 1-4 carat apiece) with ninety-six stones in the parcel. He put them quite close to his eyes and then lowered them a little, as if he wanted to damp them.

Damping, it may be stated, is breathing on the stones. Most dealers do this when examining a parcel, as any flaws or faults can be better observed as the moisture evaporates.

After damping them he looked again, handed them back, made an offer (which he knew would not be accepted) and was going away. The two men watching had not seen him do anything suspicious, but still he was kept in conversation while the parcel he had just handled was taken into the private office and weighed. It was found about 2 1-2 carats short. Two of the stones had somehow disappeared. There was a consultation, and it was decided that he had them in his mouth. One of the men was instructed to get behind him and strike suddenly at the back of his head while he was talking. This was done, and Mr. Eyeglasses spit out the two 1 1-4 carat stones. He was pounced upon, and was given the choice of restitution of all former losses or arrest. He chose the former, and having a large sum in Bank of England notes in his inside pocket, he settled the score. He was then allowed to go. The expectoration incident got around the next day, when a rush was made for his place of business. He was out, and he remained out until I left London. He will most likely stay away, for if he ever shows his face around Hatton Garden again he will have considerable more spitting to do.

### A Married Newport Belle.

Mrs. Robert Goelet has an income of $500 for every day in the year, including Sundays, and her villa in Newport is valued at a quarter of a million dollars. She is a daughter of George Henry Warren, of New York, a man of great wealth and high position. She is tall and slender, with blue-gray eyes, and has a profusion of golden hair. She is about twenty-eight perhaps. Her manners are high bred and finished, though rather reserved. Notwithstanding her enormous income she keeps an account book in which are entered the expenses of each day. She dresses handsomely and her gowns seldom cost less than $200 or $300 each. Her jewels are exquisite. She has among other things a diamond necklace of which the centre stone is half an inch in diameter. She has also four diamond stars for the hair, a star pendant of diamonds and one of diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, a superb necklace of sapphires and a set of rubies purchased of an Austrian noblewoman. Like the mother of Gracchi she has two other jewels—a little son and daughter, who are her constant companions and in whom she takes great pride.

### The Waiter Confers A Title.

An American visiting English clubs (says Marshal P. Wilder, in his book, "The People I've Smiled With") is sure to be surprised at the number of titles he hears. Besides the nobility, nearly every one seems to have a special handle to his name. Colonels are not quite as numerous as in Kentucky or Georgia, but for captains and majors we can't hold a candle to them. But it was reserved for me, an American, to "knock them out" on rank in a most unexpected manner. An old waiter—an ex-soldier at the Savage called me Marshal several times one evening, and was reprimanded by one of the members for addressing a guest by his first name. "His name!" exclaimed the old fellow, looking astonished—and then, turning, said: "Why, your honor, I thought Marshal his rank!" General Grant prophesied that I should be a general, but the old waiter went him one better, and the title stuck to me for awhile, too.

### The Fountain Head.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dictionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for watermelon, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Don't eat any more of it, Johnnie," she said: "you'll be sick." "Won't you please look in the dictionary, sister, and see if I've had enough?" A fact.—Buffalo Express.

# JERRY RUSK IN BATTLE.

## HOW HE CARRIED A CROSSING IN A STORM OF SHOT AND SHELL.

### Complimented by General Mower. A Man who wasn't Easily Scared.

Uncle Jerry Rusk, now Secretary of Agriculture, had his share of experience during the war. At the battle of the Twenty-second of July, when the heroic McPherson fell, Rusk was in command at the front, and lost one-third of his men. During the battle he was once fairly cut off from his command and surrounded by Confederate soldiers armed with sabre bayonets. His sword was seized, and he was ordered to surrender; but, drawing his pistol, he used it with such deadly effect that he broke through his assailants and escaped with a slight wound in his leg and with the loss of his sword and horse—the animal being literally riddled with bullets.

At the battle of Jonesboro, Colonel Rusk followed Hood back into Alabama, then returned to Atlanta; and in Sherman's "march to the sea" he had the command of the advance of the Seveteenth corps, having the skirmishers, pioneers, engineers and the pontoon train under his charge. In the Carolina campaign, from Beaufort Island north, he was brevetted colonel, to date from March 13, 1865, and on the same day he was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry in the battle of Salkahatchie, in February previous. A very exciting occurrence attended the crossing of that river. General Mower was in command of the division which was the regiment commanded by Colonel Rusk.

The division was moving north from Beaufort directly toward the river, while the remainder of the army of Sherman was converging toward the same point. Where the crossing had to be made the enemy was in strong force on the other side, and defending the crossing with a heavy infantry column and batteries of artillery. The only approach to the ford was along a narrow road through a swamp which was then covered with water too deep to permit the movement of cavalry or heavy guns. It was a position almost as strongly protected and as difficult to capture as the celebrated bridge of Lodi.

There was a race among all the divisions to first reach the crossing, and on the morning just before the point was within attacking distance Mower's division was in the lead, and the brigade in advance of the division was that to which Rusk's command was attached. Mower rode up with his staff and could not find the commander of the brigade. He inquired of Rusk where the officer was, to which the latter replied that he did not know, but that he was ready to move at once. Mower replied that he could not wait for the return of the officer, but would move another brigade. Rusk was indignant that he should be ignored.

"He did not wish," as he said, "to be cheated out of the lead." Going up to Mower, he said: "General Mower, I protest against being left behind, because it is not my fault that the officer is absent. I want the advance." Mower, however, would not listen. He went away, ordered the division forward and put the other brigade in the advance.

Later Mower seems to have recalled the protest. He found the route to the crossing an embarrassing one, whereupon he said to one of his staff officers, Captain de Grasse: "Bring up that Colonel who objected to remaining behind and we'll give him a taste of what he's yearning for." Rusk received the order from the aid, and rode up to Mower and asked him if he had any orders.

"None," he said. "Drop right down there," pointing to the crossing; "throw your men in and clear that road. I wish to get the river. If you don't do it right I'll know it. That's all; now go."

Rusk got his command in position and charged down the narrow causeway that led to the ford, and which was swept by the shell and musketry of the enemy.

His men were cut down in dozens, but he persevered, and gained the position after a desperate contest. In the charge a shell cut the brow-band of the bridle of the colonel's horse; the animal fell to the ground and threw the rider over his head.

The colonel scrambled to his feet, and although considerably bruised, headed the column on foot. The same shell took off the head of his bugler and killed two other men who were immediately behind him. The tremendous canonade demoralized the staff of Mower, who were following in the rear of Rusk's column, and they took cover by leaving the causeway and taking refuge in the swamp, but found that route impassable, and were obliged to dismount and make their way on foot.

Colonel Rusk carried the crossing "I made the crossing," he says, "and was successful—as I thought, very successful. I reported back to Mower, who ordered another brigade in to relieve us, and then we went back into camp." He had scarcely reached camp when a messenger from Mower ordered him to report to headquarters. Rusk was nonplussed at the reception of this order, and he was not certain as to whether he was to be commended or condemned for what he had done.

"I was in doubt," afterward said Uncle Jerry. "Mower used to get a little full at times, and I did not know what to expect." He "fixed up" and rode over to Mower's quarters. Colonel Christianson was standing in front of Mower's tent when Rusk rode up, and offered to carry in any message which he wished to send. Rusk replied that he was ordered to report to Mower, and must see him in person. Just then Mower from within the tent called. "Come in! Come in!"

Colonel Rusk pulled aside the flap of the tent, entered and saluted the general. The latter glared at him an instant and then said: "Yes, sir, I sent for you. You are the only man in this army that I ever saw who could ride further into hell than Mower.—Consul Whitshire Butterfield in Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Musical Twin Girls.

The other day there came into my place of business two prepossessing young ladies whose similar dress, forms and features proclaimed them to be twins. They were followed by two other young ladies, and a second glance showed that they too were twins

Ella Ida and Emma Ada Alton were born November 9, 1865, in Putnam, Conn. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Alton. From Putnam they moved to New Britain, and have since lived in Woodstock, Southbridge and Worcester. Their father died while they were yet children, and and their mother is married to Mr. Phillips and resides in Pascoag, R. I.

The young ladies are tall and slender, with dark hair and very black eyes. In childhood it was impossible to distinguish them, and even their father gave it up as an impossible task, while the mother, although she could tell them when waking, was quite nonplussed when they were sleeping.

One had a string of red beads and the other blue. But when they grew large enough this was no sure sign, as the little rogues were apt to purposely mix them. At school the teacher could not tell them and it often occured that they exchanged seats without detection. But if caught in the wrong place a sharp scolding surely followed.

"The twins were always healthy," said their mother, "but if one was sick the other was sure to be. They have always dressed alike, looked alike and been exactly alike in disposition." The young ladies at present reside on Prospect street in Worcester, Mass., and work in Whitney's art rooms, where they have been for the last six years. Each one has an organ, one they keep at their Worcester home and the other at their mother's home in Pascoag, where they spend their vacations. They are both musical, able to play and sing well. Both are members of the First Baptist Church on Salem Square, Worcester.

### A Handsome Adirondack.

Among these Adirondack guides whose services cost $3.50 and $4 a day there are several of the finest examples of physical manhood that I have ever seen. I do not exaggerate when I say that one young man in particular, whose headquarters are at Paul Smith's, is quite the handsomest fellow that could be made. By association with refined people he has acquired the manners of a gentleman, and his picturesque garb and his abilities as a hunter and a guide make of him a very romantic and theatrical figure. He wears a large cartwheel hat, with a bright silk handkerchief tied about it, a loose flannel shirt, and tight-fitting top boots. He is about the same figure as John L. Sullivan, but his head is remarkably beautiful. He has dark curly hair, his complexion is a deep red, and his eyes are gray and gentle. He is known as the best oarsman and fighter in the woods. A clubman from New York took this handsome fellow down to New York a few seasons ago, and wherever he went a crowd stopped to gaze at him. He was photographed in his rough costume and more than one woman in New York still treasures that picture. The best thing about this Adirondack Adonis is that he dislikes being an object of admiration, and some time ago he declared that he would guide only men and old ladies, as the young girls made him feel like a fool, and he couldn't do his work with any effect.

### Selling a Second-Hand Coat.

A Marietta merchant tells how he sold a second-hand coat that had been worn but a few times. He had repeatedly tried to sell the coat to different colored men, but always failed. So he tried a new scheme. He got a cheap pocketbook and stuffed it generously with paper and put the book in one of the pockets of the coat. He accosted a negro man and wanted to sell him the coat. The "colored man" said he didn't desire to buy the coat. "Yes, but you just try it on. It belongs to a man who has plenty of money but has no use for the coat." The negro put the coat on, put his hands in the pockets, and of course he felt the pocketbook. His eyes fairly dilated with an astonished but pleased expression. "Boss," he inquired, "what do you ax for dis coat?" "Three dollars and fifty cents." "I takes it, boss!" and with the satisfied air of a man who had just come into the possession of a fortune the darky took the coat and went on his way rejoicing.

### Squatter Bees.

Honey bees are invading dwellings both in town and out in the valley. The new swarms are determined to find homes. The bees have taken a great notion to the residence of Rufus Kinney, in Truckee Meadows. They have literally taken possession of Mr. Linney's residence, transforming it into a vast apiary and compelling the family to vacate portions of the house. Every accessible part of the house is filled with bees; the walls are transformed into hives, and at least a dozen colonies have lodged themselves under the building. The chambers are alive with them, and the pugnacious little rascals dispute with the owners every part of the house from cellar to garret. —Reno, Nev. Gazette.

### Boomerangs.

More has been written, and less is understood, of the boomerang than of almost any other weapon. It is generally known to be a flat stick of wood bent in a shape which suggests a combination of a "V" and a "U," although with the extremities spread apart until they are at right angles with each other. In point of fact, boomerangs are of almost every shape from semi-circular to nearly straight, and seem to depend for their efficiency not so much upon the evident form as upon the curves which are shown upon their flat side. The boomerang maker knows instinctively just where his boomerang will go when he throws it, although he never seems to aim any two in the same way. More lies have been told about the boomerang than can be well enumerated. One hears of men who can so throw a boomerang that it kills an enemy behind a tree and then comes cheerfully fluttering back to its owner, who thereupon hurls it on a fresh mission of carnage. A flock of frightened cockatoos, speeding in intricate gyrations through the air to escape the attack of natives who want a bird for dinner, are pursued at every turn by these erratic weapons, which strike them down a dozen each, and so return to the hand that cast them. Old wives' fables, these, at which Australians laugh.

The boomerang is sufficiently remarkable without being regarded in the light of a long bow, and drawn by every tourist in the colonies. It is held perpendicularly and taken firmly in the hand by one of its extremities, with the other pointed forward, and is hurled with a full arm and assisted by a run and swing of the whole body. A slight turn of the wrist at the moment of discharge causes it to assume various erratic courses. Sometimes it will fly straight forward for 100 or even 200 yards, then rise sharply to a great height, lose its force, and flutter down to the feet of the thrower. Again, it will rise in the air, swoop down with immense rapidity, and skim around in a great semi-circle a few inches from the ground, rise once more, and return to the spot whence it started. It will also start off in a great swoop to the right, reverse it and turn to the left, skim around the thrower in a series of ever-narrowing circles, and, finding their centre, fall into it like an exhausted bird. There is something uncanny about the thing; its movements are so unexpected and out of reason that it seems to be alive, and to take a savage delight in strange shoots and dashes, which make the new chum (Australian equivalent for tenderfoot) dodge every time it turns, lest it should knock him on the head.

### John Brown's Irons.

James N. Atwood of Livermore Centre has in his possession the veritable "leg irons" worn by John Brown during his imprisonment previous to being hanged at Harper's Ferry.

H. Atwood, Jr., (Company I, First Maine Volunteers), was at the jail shortly after John Brown's death. The officers in charge of the buildings vouched for the identity of the irons at the time, and Mr. Atwood was thoroughly satisfied with the proof. He also formed the acquaintance of the old negro and his wife who had the care of the cell where Brown was confined.

On the day of the execution the old man, being afraid that he would forget which pair it was, tore a strip from the quilt on John Brown's cot and tied it into the key of the shackles, but the old negress, his wife, said: "Law! I didn't forgit nuffin, for it was de only pair of irons in de whole jail where de key turn de wrong way." (It was a left-handed key.)

Untying the dirty strip of calico from the key Mr. Atwood went to Brown's cell and found the torn place in the quilt, the figure of the cloth matching perfectly.

Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles from the authorities, but they good-naturedly told him they "Had no right to sell;" then he made this proposition: "If these irons should disappear and a new pair be found hanging in their place would there be any investigation?" They answered him, "Probably not."

He then paid $8 for a new pair and made the transfer on his own responsibility.

The shackles were sent home. For a few years previous to the death of H. Atwood, Jr., the shackles were on exhibition in the museum in connection with the Boothbay Custom House.

Mr. Atwood after returning from his service in the war, entered the Free Will Baptist ministry. He was a brother to James N. Atwood, who now has these shackles in possession. The present proprietor prizes them very highly, and says they are not for sale, being almost the only souvenir he has of his departed brother.—Auburn Gazette.

### A New Material.

"Celluvert" is the name of a material which is being placed on the English market. It is prepared from cellulose or vegetable fibres. It is applicable for many purposes, such as the manufacture of baskets, dishes, roving cans, journal bearings, tubes, cylinders, canes, shoemakers' fillings, bushings, gibs, cross-heads, washers, nuts, bolts, wheels, trunks, chair-seats, &c. Its strength is very great, both to resist tearing and crushing; a strap 1 inch wide by 1-4 inch thick stood a tensile test of 2,210 pounds. It is made with two different degrees of flexibility; it will take a high polish, and it can be filed, turned, sawn, planed, drilled and tapped. The ordinary solvents have no effect upon it, and acids and alkalies attack it but very slightly. Its resistence to the passage of electricity will make it useful as a non-conductor, and it is also capable of withstanding a high degree of heat without any injury.

### HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

To eat slowly, for both health and manners; not to lounge on the table, or sit too far back; to pay as little attention as possible to accidents: never to help yourself with your own knife or fork to any food; to indicate at once your preference when asked "Which part do you prefer?" all these go without the saying.

Many people think a cold boiled or fried egg unused must be thrown away but a boiled egg can be put into water again and reboiled and poached, or fried eggs may be minced and put on to toast, or warmed up with seasoned gravy or mixed with bread crumbs and fried in hot fat, or they may be mixed with salt fish and made into croquettes.

Always keep a clean dishcloth; dirty, ill-smelling dishcloths and towels have been known to create typhoid fever. It is a good plan to have three dishcloths, one for glass and silver, another for china and a third for the cooking utensils, keeping each one perfectly sweet and clean, washing, scalding, rinsing and drying out of doors after each meal; also the towels for drying dishes.

To preserve lemons put a layer of dry, fine sand, an inch in depth, at the bottom of an earthenware jar. Place a row of lemons upon this, stalks downwards, and be careful that they do not touch one another. Cover them with another layer of sand, fully three inches in depth, lay on it more lemons, and repeat until the jar is full. Store in a cool, dry place. Lemons thus preserved will keep for months.

Legs of mutton, sirloin of beef, steak, veal cutlet, pork chop, contain as much as 70 to 75 per cent. of water. There are some vegetables which contain much more water, viz., potatoes, turnips, cabbages and carrots; but there are other vegetables which contain less water. Oatmeal, for example, contains 5 or 6 per cent.; good wheaten flour, barley meal, beans and peas, 14; rice, 15; and good bread, 40 to 45 of water.

A small home is far more easily managed than a large one, and refinement and delicacy may be just as well displayed in the arrangement of the dishes on a coarsely covered pine table as in grouping silver and china on the mahogany of a millionaire. Skill in cooking is as readily shown in a dish of oatmeal as an elaborate ragout, in a snowy pile of mashed potatoes as a roast canvas back duck. The charm lies in attention to little things.

While manners at table or elsewhere were made for the comfort and convenience of our fellow beings, still all social observances have some good reason and common sense back of them; therefore, why should they ever be omitted, or ever sought to be elaborated? If we remember that the source of all politeness is unselfishness and a nice perception of and consideration for the rights, feelings and even whims of others, one can never go very far astray.

A handful of wild flowers and grasses, common field daisies—anything almost the garden or hothouse, or even the fields and meadows, afford—will lend a charm to the plainest table. The capabilities of a screen are quite inexhaustible; it forms both a protection from draughts and a picturesque background for the mistress of the house—presumably young and fair—against its contrasting or harmonizing background. To make a good picture is always a great point gained in dress or furniture.

Just now one of the most important items about the whole household economy is cleanliness—absolute, uncompromising cleanliness in the kitchen, the chief feature of which is the sink. Wash it daily with soap and water, and rinse with boiling water. This cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Twice a week, all summer, pour hot water, containing a little chloride of lime, into the drain. This will prevent unpleasant and unhealthy odors. Don't use, or allow to be used, quantities of soap in washing dishes; instead, substitute washing soda, and see how you will like the change.

Look scrupulously after the refrigerator every morning. In thousands of families, cellar and storeroom are combined within its zinc walls.

For Sunday's dinner (and I think the idea of a specially nice dinner on Sunday is lovely) I know it entails extra labor on the wife, but it pays—it certainly pays to note the enjoyment of our own especial lord of creation who has all the time he wants this one day in the week to enjoy his dinner and cigar. And by a little extra work on Saturday, it isn't so dreadful after all. It need be no excuse to keep you home from church unless your help is very inefficient)—have pea soup, roast tenderloin of beef, new potatoes, stewed tomatoes, sliced cucumber. For dessert, pineapple pudding, ice cream.

### What and Which.

"What are the four great lakes between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico?" asked a Lewiston mother of her youngest and only, whose geography she was conning. "Water," said the boy. The mother pondered a moment, and then looked into the geography again and found herself in error. She should have asked "Which are the four great lakes, etc." This question repeated, the boy answered correctly. It's a smart seven-year-old who knows the difference between what and which. —Lewiston Journal.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG 21.



## WHERE IS THE RACKET?

Is a question often asked by persons not acquainted in Bellefonte. Do you come via. L. & T., B. E. V., or B. R. Railroads, go up High Street about 2½ squares to the Diamond; turn to the *left*; pass 1st Nat. Bank, Montgomery's Clothing House, Erhard & Co., grocers, and next you find "The Racket," being the middle room of Crider's Exchange the largest and most noticable building in the town. If you can't find it ask the first boy you come to, they are our especial friends, they say, "There is no flies on The Racket."

*And they know.*

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEN SPIGELMYET, Jr.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

"The rich people have saw-logs of things that are nice,
While poor people get but a splinter.
The rich people's houses in summer have ice
And the poor people's have it all winter."

——When will the street be straightened?

——Quite a number of our citizens camped at the camp meeting at Penn Cave station.

——D. C. Keller has one of the handsomest farm residences along the Fort pike.

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 20 cents cash. Reader, can't you send us a few names?

——Camp's furniture store has been stocked with entirely new goods, and of the latest design and finish. Call and see them.

——C. P. Long is enlarging and improving his store room in the brick stand at Spring Mills—an evidence that business is good there.

——Mr. C. K. Sober the champion gun shot of the world, will give exhibitions daily at Williams' Grove, during the Grangers' Picnic, August 26th to 30th, 1890.

——The Union Sunday school will hold a picnic at the Beaver Dam school house, in Jacob Rishel's grove, on Saturday, August 23, and a festival in the evening. All are invited to attend.

——The drouth in this section has caused the streams to be unusually low and water mills find great difficulty in running in consequence. The corn crop has suffered greatly for want of rain, and likewise the potato crop.

——David Krape, an old resident of Haines, spent an hour in the REPORTER sanctum last Saturday, and gave us interesting facts of years gone by—back 60 years, of dry spells, open winters, and crop failures.

——The campmeeting pulled up stakes yesterday, Wednesday, and shipped their tents to other parts. Quite a crowd was present Tuesday afternoon, but would have been larger had the weather been favorable.

——The railroad company will erect a temporary station building on the picnic ground for the accommodation of those attending. A ticket office will also be placed in it and made a great convenience. The present station building is too small for the crowds and not adapted for the rush at that time.

——The new scales for the New Orleans Mint are believed to be the most delicate in the world. It gives the precise weight of a human heir, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric change. A signature written on a card with an ordinary pencil will make a perceptible difference in the weight of the card. If people's doings and desires could be this weighed how interesting it would be.

——There was an immense throng at camp meeting, about three miles east of this place, on Sunday last. All forenoon there was one stream of vehicles thro town, mostly from Bellefonte and Nittany valley. From the section east of the camp ground, there was a like outpouring, and one who counted them, says the number of vehicles from that direction alone was 350, and no doubt as many could have been counted going to camp from this side. There were some twenty tents, besides the necessary stands for eating. There has not been a camp meeting in the valley for a number of years, which, no noubt caused so many to visit this one.

## The Repub's.

The balloting in the Republican convention, on Tuesday, was as follows:

For Assembly.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mattern | 116 |
| Fryberger | 79 |
| Dale | 45 |

For Sheriff John A. Wolfe, H. H. Montgomery and John G. Dubbs were put in nomination. John Wolfe was elected on the first ballot which was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wolfe | 66 |
| Montgomery | 26 |
| Dubbs | 28 |

Edwin Tyson and Riley Pratt were put in nomination for treasurer. Tyson was nominated on the first ballot, it standing as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tyson | 85 |
| Pratt | 35 |

John F. Harter and J. F. Payne were put in nomination for recorder. Harter won by the following score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Harter | 87 |
| Payne | 32 |

For Commissioner,

| Ballot | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strohm | 44 | 43 | 63 | | | |
| Kuhns | 47 | 52 | 48 | 48 | 54 | 61 |
| Stover | 40 | 43 | 44 | 39 | 42 | 47 |
| Stevens | 28 | 38 | 39 | 14 | 14 | |
| Curtin | 34 | 28 | 29 | 9 | | |
| Decker | 14 | 8 | 2 | | | |
| McClintic | 13 | 9 | 7 | 2 | | |
| Shope | 11 | 3 | | | | |
| Murray | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | | |

For register, George W. Fisher, J. H. Oliger and B. F. Leitzel were put on nomination. Fisher was nominated on the first ballot with the following majority;

| | |
|---|---|
| Fisher | 62 |
| Oliger | 8 |
| Leitzell | 16 |

W. B. Krape, Samuel T. Gray and John M. Wagner were put in nomination for Auditors. Gray was elected on the first and Krape on the second ballot.

Benjamin Rich, of Unionville, John P. Harris, of Bellefonte, and W. P. Shoop, of Centre Hall, were elected congressional conferees.

J. H. Odenkirk, J. A. Fiedler and M. F. Riddle were elected Senatorial conferees.

John M. Dale was then unanimously elected county chairman for the year 1891.

## Farmers' Encampment.

The American Farmers' encampment at Mt. Gretna was formally opened Tuesday. Governor Beaver could not connect in time from Bellefonte, and the opening address was made by Hon. James G. McSparran, of Lancaster county, President of the encampment association and a very prominent granger. He was followed by H. A. Dunning, editor of the *National Economist*, the national organ of the Farmers' Alliance. The opening exercises were interspersed by band music, a number of first-class bands were on the grounds all day.

The attendance at the encampment yesterday was quite large for Tuesday, being estimated at from 7,000 10,000.

The grangers and alliance men of Lebanon county have by far the largest and finest exhibit of vegetables and fruits, completely occupying one large tent.

## Storm at Snow Shoe.

Tuesday afternoon storm struck Snow Shoe. The track of storm was near the town line and almost directly in it was the barn and house of Joseph Hartzell, located on what is known as the Kreider farm.

The barn was totally destroyed and part of the house was blown away. Mr. Hartzell was near the barn but escaped injury. His family, the members of which were in the house, took refuge in the cellar and thus saved their lives. The force of the storm was terrific. Large trees were uprooted and the evidences of the wind's fury could be seen for a distance of three miles along the railroad track.

## A Terrible Accident.

Lock Haven Democrat: George Bresser Calderwood, of Mill Hall, met with a terrible accident at the Armstrong paper mill, in this city, Sunday evening about 8 o'clock, which resulted in his death at the mill Monday morning between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock. The brief particulars of the sad affair are that he was endeavoring to put a bolt on a pulley when through a slip of the foot, or in some such way, he was caught by the belt and whirled round and round the pulley with terrific force, breaking a number of ribs, each of which, it is said, were doubly fractured, and being otherwise severely injured. He was being assisted at the time by one Thomas Hustleton, who was horrificd at the accident to his companion.

## A Notable Wedding.

The marriage license register on Monday received the entry of and application for a marriage license for Joseph Christian, an ex-Judge and att'y-at-law of Richmond Va., and Anna M. Reynolds widow of the late Thomas R. Reynolds deceased, and daughter of George Jack of Boalsburg. Mr. Christian who is a dignified and fine looking gentleman of about 60 years of age, is now in Bellefonte.—*Daily News.*


——*Stamped Pillow Shams, only 18 cents per pair. Our own work, pretty designs and good Hill Brand muslin. Complete and varied assortment of endless pretty things for fancy work. We do stamping and pinking, also art needle work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a call.*

*STREHLE'S MILLINERY,*
*Brockerhoff Block, Bellefonte.*


## Local Briefs

——Bargains on clothing.—C. P. Long.

——Go see Camp's new stock of furniture.

——100 Boy's suits from $1,10 up. C. P Long.

——Sweet potatoes are selling at $2 per bushel.

——90 Men's suits from $4,00 up. C. P. Long.

——John A. Miller, of Millheim, favored our sanctum with a pleasant call.

——Penns valley Bargain Store, for Clothing, Boots and Shoes &c., &c. C. P. Long.

——In Altoona no liquors, cigars, ice cream or soda water is allowed to be sold on Sunday.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Our friend, Jacob Bottorf, of College twp, gave us a call, Mr. Bottorf was piloting some Kansas friends to the cave.

——An entire new stock of furniture, and is handsome too, at Camp's new store. An inspection only is asked. to convince.

——Thanks to Col. Thomas for a handsomely gotten up pamphlet, "Points about the grangers' Interstate Picnic, at Williams' grove."

——Camp has had his new furniture store building painted and a new sign erected, which now makes quite a presentable appearance.

——The showers on Tuesday night, were welcome, and freshened up vegetation somewhat, tho a great deal more rain is needed to help the waters.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

——Thanks to such of our subscribers as responded to our circular request for amounts due. Those from whom we have no response as yet, will please come in for a share of thanks, by remitting. Do not put it off, please.

——The elegant new shoe store, of M Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all age and sexes.

——Mrs. Margaret E. Hartsock, aged 75, died at the Logan Iron Works on Tuesday last and her husband, Peter Hartsock, aged 76, died twenty one hours afterward. They were buried side by side in the Lutheran Cemetery at Yeagerstown on Thursday.

——Lewins is piling up spring clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfectfits guaranteed.

——Supt. Westfall on Friday, with his family and several friends came up to this place in a special and picniced in the Fort woods, taking their dinner in the woods. Mr. Westfall inspected the new picnic ground before leaving and will do all possible on his part to make it a success.

——If in need of anything in the line of furniture, a visit to Camp's new store will not be regretted. He sells at the lowest margin, and his stock is of the latest and best finish. Go see it under any circumstances.

——The grange committee is busy up on their new ground for the next picnic and will do their utmost to have all in first-class order for it, and to make it a success. With the experience of the past few years the committee will know just what needs to be done to make every thing inviting about the ground as well as pleasant for visitors during the picnic

——Mrs. Michael Ulrich, nee Winters, of Millheim, died on last Saturday night. The lady had been ill for a number of weeks, and there were hopes of her recovering. On the aforesaid night she arose from her bed and upon lying down again told her husband she felt better; both fell asleep, and in the morning when the husband awoke he found his wife dead by his side.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods, which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

——Many stubble fields along the railroad look black, having been overrun by fire caused by sparks from passing engines, which readily set fire to the dry grass. Fences are also burned in some places. Last Saturday a large field of S. W. Smith, on the west side of town was overrun by fire from an engine spark and considerable of his post and rail fence burned.

——J. S. Driver writes the REPORTER from Miami county, Ohio, August 14: The drouth struck us hard, we had no rain since in June, so that we are burnt out. I truck some and my stuff is dried up so that I won't have anything to sell. I had potatoes planted that in an ordinary season would have made three hundred bushels, but if I get 30 or 35 bushels I think it will be all, and what little corn I have out will not make more than ten bushels to the acre. I have been feeding my cows just like in dead of winter; pasture is all dried up, I have some tobacco out and some of that is not any bigger than when I set it out, none of it will make one-fourth of a crop.

## Personal.

—Lillian Krise, of Spring Mills, is visiting friends in town.

—W. K. Alexander, of Millheim, was seen in town on Monbay.

—Harry Shirk, of Bellefonte, is visiting friends in Centre Hall.

—Miss Emma Thompson, of Mifflinburg, was a passenger on Monday's train

—Major Austin Curtin was a pleasant caller at the REPORTER office this week.

—C. D. Runkle, of Philad., was among the passengers who alighted at the station.

—Miss Bayard, of Bellefonte, is the guest of Miss Beulah Strohm, at Centre Hill.

Mrs. C. M. Bower and son John, of Bellefonte, visited at D. J. Meyers last week.

—Miss Emma Downing, of Bellefonte, visited her sister, Mrs. R. B. Spangler, on church street.

—A. S. Shroyer, of the Williamsport freight office, is spending several days of his vacation in our town.

—Chris Murray and T. Milton Osman returned home after a three weeks' trip through adjoining counties.

—Aaron Runkle, a native of this section, but now located in the west, is visiting relatives in the valley.

—Mrs. Elmer Campbell, of Linden Hall, is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Jane Love, at this place.

—Mrs. David Runkle, formerly of this place, but now of Philadelphia, is visiting her friends in Centre Hall.

—Mrs. Agnes Spangler and daughter Myra, of Joliet, Ill. are the guests of Mr. George Boal's family, near town.

—Hon. Wm. Allison and Mr. William From, two of Spring Mills representative men, were in town Monday on business

—The old Democratic veteran Shannon McCormick, of College township, circulated among friends in this place on Monday.

—W. W. Atwood Cless, of Montandon, a classmate of T. M. Osman, who carries himself with lordly mein, is spending part of his vacation in this place.

—Mrs. Wm. Strohm, of Nebraska, is visiting friends in these parts, she and daughter Beulah left this morning for Tyrone, where they will spend some time with friends.

—Mrs. James Herring, of Altoona, and Mrs. John Mullen, of Renova, who were visiting their mother, Mrs. Jacob Arney, of this place, the past few weeks, have left again for their homes.

—Miss Annie Harpster, who had been visiting in Mifflinburg for several weeks, returned Saturday. Mr. Harry Blair, of that burg, accompanied her and was the guest of the family for several days.

—Capt. C. S. W. Jones, editor of the Tyrone *Herald*, spent a few days as the guest of squire Boal. The Capt. is postmaster of Tyrone and was elected to the Legislature from his county which is an evidence of the appreciation the citizens of Blair county have of him. As a quill driver he is among the foremost and publishes an interesting sheet.

## Sheriff's Sale.

On Saturday next the following real estate will be sold at Sheriff's sale at Bellefonte:

One tract of 6 acres in Boggs township. Also one 4 story house and lot in Bellefonte. Also one lot in Bellefonte. Also one tract of land containing 13 acres in Potter township. Also one tract of land containning 150 acres in Potter township all to be sold as the property of David Krape.

One tract of land containing 43 acres in Gregg township; also one other tract in same township containing 35 acres; also two other lots in same township containing respectively 1½ and 1 acres all to be sold as the property of D. P. Heckman.

A lot of ground in Rush to be sold as the property of Jennie and W. A. Furst.

108 acres of land in Huston to be sold as the property of John Kline's administrators.

One acre in Spring twp to be sold as property of Jerry Tolan.

5 acres in Worth to be sold as the property of R. A. Patton.

24 acres in Huston to be sold as property of George Kline.

170 acres in Ferguson to be sold as the property of H. M. Meek.

One tract of 20 acres and a house and lot in Liberty to be sold as the property of J. S. Nestlerode.

Two tracts, one of 100 acres and the other of 140 acres, in Worth twp to be sold as the property of R. C. and W. F. Richards.

## Potters Mills.

Dr. Ed J. Burd, of this place, is doing a lively business in his profession. The Dr. is a jolly good fellow, he can be consulted in German or English. Any person not knowing where to find the Dr, will find him at J. G. Carson's property.

J. W. Smith, our enterprising tanner, is remodeling the house on the old homestead, and has the cellar ready for the mason.

On last Saturday while one of John M'Coy's boys was driving a colt past Strong's shingle mill the colt became unmanageable and almost got away.

J. R. Strong has his new shingle mill in operation and is giving good satisfaction. This machine is a new patent and the only machine of the kind on the face of the globe and is manufactured by Dennis Luse, of Millheim. The above named proposes taking contracts for cutting shingles and move the machine on the jobs.

W. H. Fulty and W. H. Workinger have the barn seat of Michael Moyers' almost completed.

Oscar Walters had a sick horse but by the careful treatment of Dr. Rider, the horse is getting all right.

Reporter, $1,50 per year.

## Tribute of Respect.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom, to call Howard McClellan from his earthly career, while in the bloom of life and

Whereas, in his death we have lost a warm hearted friend, a loyal member of the school.

Resolved, That while we the members of the Tussey Union Sunday school, feel the extent of our loss, we bow in humble submission to the dispensation of the Divine Ruler.

Resolved, That as an expression of our sorrow we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be engrossed on our minutes and published in the county papers.

WILLIAM ISHLER,
CALVIN SMITH,
JYMES RUNKLE,
Committee.

Whereas, It has pleased God in His perfect wisdom and goodness to remove from among us our beloved sister Lizzie G. Wagner,

Whereas, Our appreciation of her many sterling virtues, her youth, her sincerity and her close connection with our Sabbath school, as a regular member, renders her death a most lamentable event.

Resolved, By the Tussey Union Sunday school that we bow in humble submission to the will of Him, who doeth all things well, and that with a deep consciousness of our great loss we mourn her death and hold her memory in grateful recollection.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathise with the afflicted family and the many relatives and friends who knew and loved her well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be engrossed on our minutes and published in the county papers.

EMMA V. KRUMRINE,
AGNES M'COY,
MAGGIE SPANGLER,
Committee.

Whereas, It has pleased our loving Heavenly Father to remove from our midst, by death, our esteemed sister and Sunday school scholar, Sudie B. Wagner.

Resolved, That in the death of Sudie we have sustained the loss of one of our most faithful scholars and classmates.

Resolved, That we bear willing testimony to her joyous loving disposition, and we deeply regret her departure from our midst.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved family and mourning friends, into whose midst death has so soon again entered to remove the young and fair, our deepest sympathy and condolence, and we earnestly pray the comforting Father to bring to their mourning hearts, consolation, in the hope of meeting their dear ones in the home beyond, to be forever with the Lord.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and also published in the Centre Hall REPORTER.

EFFIE C. HERDMAN,
LILLIAN FLEISHER,
NAOMA A. SWABB,
Committee.


## A Great Battle

Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with Consumption, Coughs or Colds; they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, and all Kidney Complaints. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

## Spring Mills.

Mr. John Minnich, of Williamsport, formerly of Spring Mills, is home on a visit.

George Krise, who has been in Pittsburg the past two years, is at home on a visit. He expects to make Chicago his home in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. From spent last Friday evening at Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ream, of Sunbury, are here visiting friends.

Dr. Runkle, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, is home on a visit.

## If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free. A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the Stomach, Bowels and Liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial size bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS TWO SEATED carriage, just out of the shop, price $145,00. Also a very fine driving horse, only 5 years old. Works single or double, a very good family horse; any woman can drive him. Call on or address.

E. H. AUMAN,
Coburn, Pa.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, at Ruhl's Hotel, Spring Mills, on

o——o FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1890, o——o

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the following real estate of David Reese, dec'd., late of Gregg township, bounded formerly by other lands of said David Reese, dec'd., and by lands of John B. Reese, Sarah Reese, and lands late of Robert Cook and now of John Kerns, containing

)——( 40 ACRES, )——(

more or less. One-half of which is cleared. Thereon is erected a good

—— DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, ——

and all necessary outbuildings.

TERMS.—½ cash on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHELL,
Trustee.

GARMAN'S STORE is well stocked with all the leading fabrics.

In black goods we offer the leading styles at lowest prices.

Our silk warp henriettas at $1.00, one hundred cents, is remarkable.

In veiling, plushes, satins, silks, velvets, we always lead.

We are agents for Bellefonte for the world-renowned Columbia bicycles. Write us for catalogue.

Everything at lowest prices and strictly one price.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct5ly


ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John Wagner, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

S. J. WAGNER.
W. A. WAGNER.
14 Aug. 6t Admr's Tusseyville

## Produce at Stores.

| | |
|---|---|
| Butter | 16 |
| Eggs | 16 |
| Lard | 7 |
| Shoulders | 8 |
| Ham | 12 |
| Tallow | 4 |
| Potatoes | 75 |


SALESMEN WANTED —AT ONCE.—

To sell our Choice Nursery Stock. Salary or commission and steady work for earnest workers.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1840. 14aug3m


EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Mary Royer, dec'd., late of Gregg twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN EMERICK, Centre Hall,
DAVID KRAPE, Aaronsburg,
7Aug. 6t Executers.


# New Furniture Store!

New goods. Low prices. All goods delivered free. We invite you to come and see our new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. We keep everything usually kept in a first-class furniture store.

## UNDERTAKING.

The highest method of preparing the dead has been attained and my course in this branch has been completed. My hearse and horses are among the finest in the state. Carry in stock a complete line, from the cheapest coffins to the finest caskets, and burial robes, etc., and I guarantee that my prices are the lowest in the county. No extra charge for embalming or distance.

W. R. Camp. - Centre Hall.